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Authentic Tidings, by John Livingston Lowes on page 182

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Carpers Come Home

THE new year in the United States begins with the Equinoctial. New life comes into the air then with the first crisping of Fall; the atmospheric tension tautens, blood pressure rises, and the summer mind arouses from relaxation and begins to look up and ahead. Fall is the planting time for ideas.

But it is also the time for the fruits of criticism. The millions of tourists who have been so cheerfully trying to help Europe pay her American debts are coming home in an ungracious mood. They do not like the impact of blaring, bustling New York. They have seen the European enjoying his leisure in a great content, and feel that "Whoopee" as compensation is a counterfeit. Headlines, raucous voices, bill boards scream at them. They are irritated, and say harsh things of their native land—many of which are true.

But by no means all. Hearing the returned traveler at his carping, it might be supposed that one hundred millions of us read murder and love-nest tabloids while Europe sits down daily to the *Temps* and the *Times*. But this is nonsense. In nothing can continental America stand comparison with continental Europe so well as in journalism. The French provincial papers are weak beyond description. Their general news is almost nil, their local news trivial, their total content scarcely worthy of a village. The newspapers in the lesser German-reading cities are better, but except for political news relating to Germany, and financial news, relating often to the United States, not much better. They give less space to sensation than we do, but less space also to news of every kind. There are good essays in them (and in the French papers also) but few indications of a curiosity extending beyond provincial detail.

In the great capitals a comparison is quite as damaging to European journalism. Our Sunday papers are satirized for their vast girth and their blatant comics. Nevertheless, if the husks of blather and vulgarity are peeled from a New York Sunday paper, what is left may be offered with credit anywhere. The amount of solid and well-considered writing is impressive, and with the possible exception of the London Sunday *Observer*, it would be difficult to equal them anywhere in journalism, impossible in continental Europe.

* * *

There is no more justice in condemning the American mind because of the vulgarized news sense of our tabloids than in condemning the European mind because erotic post cards can be bought anywhere in France or Germany. Each symptom indicates a disease, but a disease is a man's weakness, not the man himself.

These returning travelers also call us the nation that does not read, rather strangely, since at a rough computation at least twice as many books are to be seen on American trains as in French or German, and more than in English railroad carriages. We are said to publish and buy fewer books per capita than the European countries, and the conclusion is that, as readers, we are still in the barbarian stage. But this is a conclusion based on very dubious statistics. That the intellectual class in Europe reads more subtly and intensively than the same class here may or may not be true. It probably is true. But this class certainly does not read as widely as their fellow intellectuals here. For we, of all nations, are hospitable to the good books of all countries, exceeding the English in this respect, and far exceeding the continent—a fact which will eventually prove to be of the highest importance in the development of an American culture. And the broader class which may be called intellectually intelligent rather than professionally intellectual reads more here than abroad,—if our magazines, where many books first appear serially, are taken into account, far more. Lists of titles of new books published in Germany have been used to prove the contrary, but this evidence will not stand examination. German lists containing items of specialized pamphlets and other titles included here in special bibliographies are often compared with

(*Continued on page* 178)

The Two Wives

(*A New England Legend*)

By DANIEL HENDERSON

JONATHAN MOULTON lost his wife—
Neighbors said he took her life.
Did he poison or strangle or smother!
Howsoever, he married another.
A shy and unsuspicious thing,
She wore his first wife's wedding ring.

Asleep she lay where the first wife's head
Had pillowed itself on the fateful bed,
But she woke at midnight shivering:
A cold hand plucked at her marriage ring,
And a voice at her ear had a graveyard tone:
"Give the dead her own!"

Jonathan woke at his young bride's scream.
Up he sprang and brought in candles,
But ghostly wives have elfin sandals!
He swore to his bride it was just a dream,
He lifted her hand in the candle gleam.
"I'll wager my all that it's still on!"
But—Lord ha'e mercy!—the ring was gone!

This Week

"Thirty Tales and Sketches."
Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER.
"Blue Juniata."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
"Chicago," and "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime."
Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS.
"The Under Dogs."
Reviewed by FRANS BLOM.
"Up at the Villa."
Reviewed by JOHN CARTER.
"There Is Another Heaven."
Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.
John Mistletoe. IV.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
Round about Parnassus.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Next Week, or Later

"Up to Now," the autobiography of Governor Smith.
Reviewed by H. L. MENCKEN

The Book's the Man*

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

WHEN I was young and beautiful and generous, near forty years ago, as is the way of youth, I sought me a knight as leader, and, seeking, wandered far, for my ways were paths not trodden by men in whom shone the splendor of courage. One day, at a meeting at Kelmscott, the town house of William Morris, someone argued foolishly, whereupon a man stood up and spoke daring words and witty so that the silly one reddened, his pride being wounded, for he was counted an orator in the Parliament. Brown haired was this outspoken knight, bright of eye too and direct of speech; his name Robert Bonterre Cunninghame Graham. The air of a chieftain was about him so that he looked to be one who might go about with sword girt to his side and spear in hand, one to think nothing at all of groves and gardens and ladies, but very much of the company of warriors. So I followed his banner and soon a battle-day came when the trumpets called us to Trafalgar Square. A mighty host stood there, police, and scarlet-coated soldiers with bayonets, and mounted guards with drawn swords, all of them to prevent us. But Graham changed not countenance, indeed called on us to charge the knaves, which we did, though many of our men found affairs that called them otherwheres. Now I, being close to my friend, saw how a man with a sword slashed at him, and how the police took him prisoner. I saw little more because of a knock on the head that fell to my share, so all went dark. Afterwards, my knight and friend lay in prison for six long weeks, though he made light of it. As for me, I sailed away to Africa and then to the South Seas, and in far lands and lawless I stayed many years and met many adventures.

* * *

Through those years my knight and I wrote many letters; also our trails crossed in many places, in Chili, and Peru, and other lands, though we did not meet. So the years sped at a spendthrift pace until three weeks ago, when it chanced that both of us were in England. So we met. It did not matter that we sat at a table on which were laid dainty victual and good wine; as well might have been set before us a gourd of maté and a crust. Fellowship was the thing. And there he was, a knight still, fair of skin and shapely of body, his eyes lit with laughter, bearded in the Spanish fashion, the mien of a warrior with him. Also, as many a word showed, he had still a sword bared of its sheath for unfairness. So my heart rose up, for here was a man with whom one might sit and think aloud. And we were very merry, and talked of men living and dead, those we had known in person or by name and through letters; of Hudson, and Conrad, and Wilfred Blunt, and William Morris, and Reedy of St. Louis, and Ernest Rhys the gentle scholar. Of others, and of animals too we talked, and the memory of some of them made us smiling and joyous, of the horse Tijano, of Tom Hickman of the Texas Rangers, of brave old Chatterton the Chartist, of Kier Hardie, of Parnell, of men of the pampas who were quick to draw a knife after a drink of ouatchekai, of outlaws, padres, all sorts and conditions of men. So the time came when we rose up and shook hands in parting, when he said: "It is a

* THIRTY TALES AND SKETCHES. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Selected by EDWARD GARNETT. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $3.

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long story that both of us have to tell. Maybe the fates will be kind so that we shall yet have time."

I said: "You have written of the conquistadores, of Quada, of Cartagena, of de Soto, of Conselheiro, of Valdivia, of Paez. It is high time that you should be moved to write of yourself and of men met, and of places seen."

Our eyes were on each other and I saw the light of merriment in his, and guessed what he would say, and which he did say. This it was. "Now in these books is all that is worth the writing. Into them I have put myself, wherefore there is no more to say." So there was an end of the meeting except that two days after, when I was in Perth, I had a letter from him that breathed most sincere good-will and told of life-long friendship. Also there is this. On the night after our meeting, I being at Cambridge, a Don told me that Edward Garnett had chosen from the twenty books of the knight, those tales he deemed most worthy. To do that seemed to me a most valiant task, so much being excellent.

* * *

And now here is the book that is the man. But what would it serve to tell those tales in brief? As to his friends, some of the names I have named, he has unladen his heart in the way of a man of loyalty and chivalry. It is well that you should read for yourself. And there is one tale, that of Sor Candida and the Bird, which, as he told me, his wife made the first notes of; it is as fine as that twelfth century legend, "Our Lady's Tumbler." It is a tale told by a great artist. Far better than to recount the tales lamely, which is an idle piece of work, is it to say something of the spirit of them the more because in these days of a hubbub of print there is so little spirit. But it is well to tell that in the book are pictures of many things, as vast desert places, pampas like seas of grass, far stretching Scotch moors with gray granite boulders, blue and sun-sparkled waters with ships on them, villages hidden away in warm folds of the hills with straw-thatched roofs and flower gardens, but chiefly of men; and all is done in the way of one who sees straight and who sets down in plain words what he sees. For it is the glory of Graham that for him nothing of the real is dull or tame. Nor does he make his pages the safety valve for ill-humors, if indeed he has any, which I doubt. And, you will see for yourself that there is an ugly fashion in these days by which some men make deadly Upas trees of themselves, poisoning sweet air so that all who come near are the worse for their nearness. But no man can be that way who moves in a world of live ideas. Graham, who has walked with kings and princes, with common men too, sees nothing as scornful except men who are not sincere. Gifted with great vitality, rich with infinite delicacy, endowed with a wide and clear vision and filled with intention, he sees life as a pageant in which he must take an active part. And how should one player hold his fellow player lightly when he knows that all alike move to a plan and a purpose?

Auspicious Debut

BLUE JUNIATA. By MALCOLM COWLEY. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WITH "Blue Juniata" the new firm of Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith publish a new American poet. Not that Malcolm Cowley is an undiscovered talent; as translator and critic his name has been known for the last seven or eight years. But this volume presents him in a less familiar rôle and one which is more than a rôle. Cowley's other work was his compromise with externality; this is his inner, more guarded autobiography. It traces, more or less chronologically, an origin in west-central Pennsylvania; a fancied escape to Greenwich Village; a further retreat (this time to Europe during the Valuta years of 1920-1924); a revulsion from self-imposed exile, the inevitable return. It has, therefore, a continuity and growth one seldom finds in a book of poems, a round development more characteristic of the novel. The changes of scene, moreover, are reflected in the changes of tone, attack, attitude. Thus the first (and, in many ways, the best) section is sensitive and even lyrical; the second records that sentimental attachment to the sordid which, appropriate to youth, is a feverish and inverted nostalgia; the third registers a natural though somewhat elegant scorn for the *Valutaschweine* and the unrealities of a life which "ceased to have any values, only prices;" the fourth is a mixed pæan and protest, a reaction to the speeded-up, machine-jazz-driven, overstimulated metropolis of lasting impermanence; the fifth and concluding section is the coda, self-described by its sub-title "Old Melodies: Love and Death."

Here we have the material for a searching work, and the author does not fumble his chance; even in the most experimental pages, there is nothing superficial about Cowley. But—except in the first section and parts of the last—Cowley penetrates fewer surfaces than he leaves undisturbed. This is chiefly due to a method which is disruptive and an idiom which is staccato and often feverish. Cowley himself is quick to forestall his critics, saying, in one instance, "I have ceased to value many of these poems; their emotions and their technique are too impermanent," and, in another, "Our writings . . . had other qualities that were more questionable—a sort of crooked sentiment, a self-protective smirk." The "dead adolescent" who was responsible for "Kelly's Barroom," "Nocturne," and "Free Clinic" could, however, a few years later, turn to expression as ripe as "Three Hills" and as simple-startling as

TWO SWANS

One morning during Carneval they found two swans in the
Public Garden, their long necks twisted, two swans
lying splendidly dead under a magnolia

not yet in blossom, and nobody ever knew why they were
killed, whether it was a drunkard, whether an old man
tired of women's bodies, wishing to destroy

a more impeccable beauty, or was he young (over them
bends a domino, black with white moons for buttons,
while the sky like a domino bends more vastly over).

It was a crime of passion; if I have read

of others passionate in curtained alcoves, knife or poison,
they were less splendid than these two dead swans, ah,
less magnificent than the formal pool, empty without
them, the empty pool that stares

fixedly into a fixed and empty sky.

The title-poem, "Mine No. 6," "The Farm Died," "Day Coach," are still further advances. They mark, with increasing confidence, the poet's attempt to record the conflict between time and timelessness. The accents of Cummings, Aiken, Eliot, Laforgue, so loud in the early poems, are scarcely audible here. Even less influenced is the double sonnet "Winter" from which, partly because of the neatly suspended rhymes, partly because of the accurate phrasing, I quote the first fourteen lines:

The year swings over slowly, like a pilot
southward now driving from the cold and dark
toward vertical suns and days of briefer twilight
and lights less promptly lighted in the park,

more definite nights, and days more sharply ending.
. . . How shrouded, empty of voice, the streets appear
in these December dusks, their skies distending
till snow falls at the turning of the year.

Only in a dead city one man waking,
who tried to read the city by the glow
of towers feebly luminous and seeking
God in the skies grown suddenly bright with snow,

who listened, till he heard the city speaking
in mortuary whispers to the snow.

It is such accomplishments that make Cowley's poetic debut an auspicious one. He has grappled with his influences and placed them, has met the angry city and, amid its syncopations, has detached himself from it. He seems finally to be in possession of himself.

The Carpers Come Home

(*Continued from page* 177)

American "trade lists" of general books, and the circulation of a book in America is summed up without reference to a previous wide circulation of the text in magazines that are read by a hundred times as many readers as ever mustered for magazine reading abroad.

Bookshops, it is true, are more numerous abroad than here, but libraries are fewer in number and much less generally used. In fact it may be confidently asserted that there is a greater consumption in bulk, and per capita, of good reading here in the United States than anywhere else in the world. It is true that reading does not make culture, it may deaden and stultify intellectual curiosity. But that is not the complaint of the traveler returning through equinoctial fogs and gales.

A Jekyll and Hyde City

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH and LLOYD LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.75.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME. By EDWARD D. SULLIVAN. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

TERMING their own Chicago "the Jekyll and Hyde of cities," two of its residents trace its sensational development through five hundred pages of startling, disheartening, inspiring contrasts. With an eye for the picturesque but also with a sense of the significant they begin as near the beginning as human historian can begin—"Slowly the last of the glaciers shrank back from the lands upon which it had lain so long"—and end with Chicago's latest murder and its newest dream, the vision of another World's Fair, this time to celebrate the hundredth anniversary for its incorporation as a town, August 10, 1833, when it boasted forty-three houses and almost two hundred inhabitants. New York had 200,000.

Like a succession of scenes in a drama the great events in Chicago's turbulent history are presented—the convention that nominated Lincoln, the Fire, the Haymarket "riot," the Fair, the railway strike of 1894, along with less definitely datable, but not less important, occurrences, such as the redemption of the Lake Front. Interspersed are countless minor incidents, diverting, shocking, matter of fact, and a host of personalities, raw, energetic, piratical, prophetic, practical, brutal, noble. Melodramatically enough, the curtain rises and falls upon a massacre. It goes up on the massacre of the settlers at Fort Dearborn by Indians in 1812 and comes down on the massacre of a group of gangsters by a rival group in the Chicago of 1929.

One of the outstanding features of the picture thus unshrinkingly painted is the physical repulsion from which the city has been slow to free itself: "Mud! . . . Ugly and dirty . . . Garlic Creek stunk to the heavens. . . ." Yet Richard Cobden could say to Goldwin Smith, "See two things in America, if nothing else—Niagara and Chicago." So mixed was the city's reputation. It was in many ways forbidding, yet it "had something." Its reputation, despite the prominence given to it in the book's sub-title, is a minor rather than a major theme in the book itself, a fact which is to the reader's benefit.

* * *

To the reader's benefit also is another trait of the volume. Without becoming unduly analytical it reveals causes as well as displays actions. In relating the colorful story of the doings of Chicago's gangsters it makes the point that the link between gangster and official is not always bribery; it may be boyhood companionship. As the gangster's friends become policemen, members of the Legislature, judges, so he rises in his own social and financial world. If some day he finds himself entangled in the law, he is untangled by officials who are not going to see an old pal suffer.

A few omissions are a bit surprising. There is no mention of David Swing, whose unorthodox preaching made him a national figure, nor, in the account of Lorimer's rise and fall, is there any reference to Root's speech favoring expulsion of the "blond boss" from the Senate, one of the comparatively few speeches which have admittedly changed votes.

But on the whole the book is a vivid, comprehensive recital, with appropriate breeziness, of the most dramatic career a city ever had.

Crime and crime alone is the subject of Edward D. Sullivan's theatrical, but apparently well-informed volume, although the wrecking of the homes of Senator Deneen and Judge Swanson by bombs in the primary of 1928 takes him into the clownish politics of Mayor Thompson. Even without the bombs the Mayor would have figured in the story, since, in Mr. Sullivan's crisp rhetoric, "with the election of Thompson, Al Capone had come into such power as he had never known before." The close and circumstantial connection which the book details between crime and officialdom in Chicago is its most valuable element. Apart from that, it is a lively, sometimes flippant, narrative of the crimes and criminals that of recent years have made Chicago a center of horrified attention.

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Mexico in Arms

THE UNDER DOGS. By MANUEL AZUELA. New York: Brentanos. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANS BLOM

"THE Under Dogs," or more correctly stated "Los de Abajo," the title of the original, is a very remarkable book grown out of the soil of the Mexican revolutions. To appreciate it fully one should know the Mexican people of the lowest classes, who were released from a rule practically amounting to slavery, about twenty years ago. Since the days of the Aztecs the Mexicans have been fighters, and when the flame of revolution broke loose in 1910 practically everybody started his own private fight. Some fought purely for the pleasure of fighting, others for the little valley in which they lived, and many just fought and didn't know why. A strong man gathered together a small group of close friends and commenced to attack towns or railroad lines. If he was successful his little army would grow and soon it would become an avalanche of fighting and looting, until stopped by another and stronger avalanche. Many idealists joined these hordes and in long and flowery speeches, so dear to the Latin people, they preached revolution, liberty, and social advancement.

Azuela has given us a most vivid picture of these fighters of low caste. In simple language he paints one phase of the Mexican turmoil of fifteen years ago so truly that his book is not only good literature, but also a historical document. We follow Demetrio Macias on his career from his first scrimmage with federal troops, through victories, lootings, and debauches, until he finally becomes a federal general and meets his defeat from a band similar to the one with which he started. Luis Cervantes, young medical student, begins with idealistic dreams, but as the looting progresses he develops a greed for gold worthy of an old Spanish Conquistador. These characters are surrounded by a small band that grows into an army, an army of cut-throats and spoilers. When ammunition gives out they draw their long butcher knives. To kill gives them a thrill, and their own deaths never enter their minds. Between fights they go into bar-rooms and brothels, or take possession of private houses. "Soldiers don't sleep in hotels any more. You just go anywhere you like and pick a house that pleases you." From the first to the last page the book carries you, and when you lay it down you wonder if such things ever happened. One who has seen several revolutions of that period can tell you that every word is true.

When reading "Los de Abajo" in the original Mexican Spanish I realized how difficult it would be to translate it into any other language. The extraordinary expressiveness of the dialogue, the colorful Indian and Mexicanized Spanish words, and the use of slang which is so typical of the low class Mexican, aid in making the story realistic and true. Even when making a fair allowance for the unusual character of the text one cannot say that the translator has been successful. In some places one has the feeling that he has had much trouble with his English dictionary, and in other cases wrong translations destroy the vividness of the description. A single example will suffice. Azuela describes how the federal soldiers are fleeing up the side of the mountain for dear life, while the bandits are firing at them. Meco is boasting of his marksmanship while picking man targets. The translator says: "I'll give that lad on the trail's edge a shower of lead. If you don't hit the river, I'm a liar! Now: look at him!"

Meco's joy of target shooting and pride of hitting is painted much more vividly by Azuela, "I am going to give him a bath; the fellow now on the edge of the trail . . . if you don't reach the river, you unlucky bastard, you won't stop far from it . . . what about it?—did you see it?" One sees the bullet hit, the corpse falling down the side of the mountain and rolling into the river. The poor brute got his bath and Meco is proud.

There are many more examples like this and much vivid coloring has been lost. "Los de Abajo" towers high above "The Under Dogs" and one feels that an injustice has been done both to the author and to the reader.

None but a Mexican could write "Los de Abajo" and no one has drawn the Mexican revolution more realistically and vividly, in all its ghastliness, than Clemente Orozco. It is fortunate that he has been selected to illustrate "The Under Dogs," and he is to be congratulated on his drawings. Even though the translation is not all that could be wished "The Under Dogs" can be recommended to English readers as one of the most outstanding and thrilling books of modern literature.

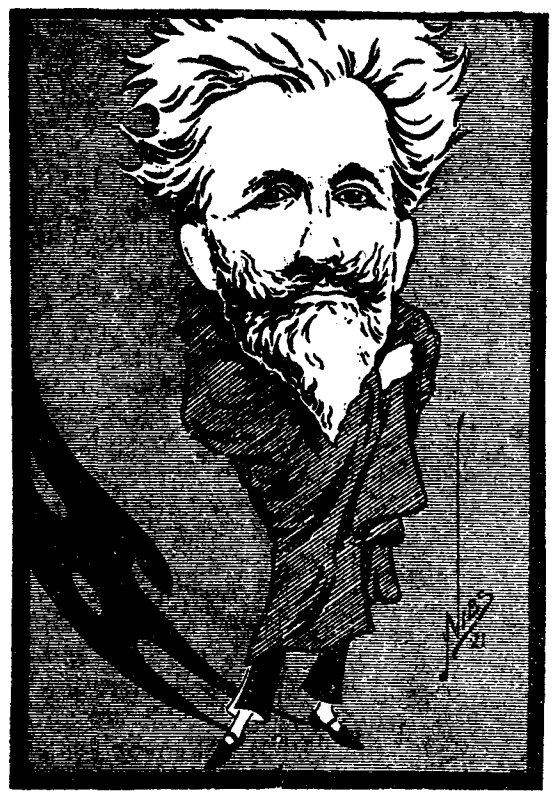
Eternal Rome

UP AT THE VILLA. By MARIE CHER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THE veritable atmosphere of Rome dwells in this book. A solitary spinster, living in her villa on Monte Mario, finds her house the center of a complex intrigue of love, jealousy, and death, among a group of English expatriates, an Italian adventurer, and a Russian sculptress. Seen through the ironic eyes of this detached observer, the events are refracted to the insignificance appropriate to the atmosphere of a city which is, fundamentally, a city of the dead, where everything conceivable has happened, and where nothing matters.

So it is that what might have been a tragedy elsewhere, becomes, to the biographer of Charlotte



A Cartoon of Cunninghame Graham.

Corday, an ironic comedy. The dominating character of the book is Rome itself and the dominating motive is death, toying with the living, finally gathering them up. Accordingly, "Up at the Villa" has a perspective unusual in Anglo-Saxon novels, in its thesis that "in reality the pinnacle of perfection is, by a paradox, reached only at the moment of incipient decay," in its enthusiasm for "the incomparable patine of age, of discoloration, of a gradual insidious flaking and erosion," in its composed view of sexual love.

Unusual, too, is Miss Cher's appreciation of the charm of Latin character, of its cruelty, its refinement, its healthy egotism:

> No scruple could ever be conceived by him; the mere notion of abnegation, of sacrifice, of reticence, of the reining in of predatory instinct would be as unintelligible to him as a symbol in Sanscrit.

The truth is that human nature becomes free in the presence of death; the Latin lives more closely in spiritual contact with that grim presence and behaves accordingly. So with the little group whom Miss Cher describes—Tatia, the wild Russian girl, and Adela Haye, the empty-headed English matron, in their infatuation for the sleek and unscrupulous Silvio; Theobald Woodman and George Rose, two bourgeois English intellectuals, the first a critic and the second an artist, in their selfless infatuation for Henry Fleming and for Adela; Henry, the consumptive poet, who falls in love with Tatia, tries to kill her to save her from Silvio and dies of his disease. The story is insignificant, the motive nothing, the atmosphere is all. The gentler aspects of this atmosphere are charmingly conveyed.

"Up at the Villa" is a tale for mature minds and sophisticated palates. We repeat, more truly than any other book of which we know does it bring Rome to the reader, not the Rome of the tourists or of the poets, but the Rome which deals so lightly with life, love, and death that it alone of all cities exists *sub specie æternitatis*.

Unransomed Saints

THERE IS ANOTHER HEAVEN. By ROBERT NATHAN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

"THE River Jordan was crowded with barges, skiffs, dingies, and ferries. A clear wind ruffled the waters which bore with joy a never-ending procession of passengers between shore and shore. In formidable numbers men, women, and children gathered on the bank, waiting to be taken over. The Eternal City received them; there was room for them all."

Among others, there was room for George Henry Wutheridge, once Professor of Semitic languages at the University, and for William Wilberforce Meiggs, who in heaven as on earth, was lost without his mother. There was even room for a certain Mr. Lewis, though he had been born Mr. Levy. Everything, in fact, was just as it had been prophesied, if not exactly in the Bible, at least in th echurches, on those long, hot mornings of summer when the rustle of kneeling and the rustle of getting-up-again answer the cry of the katydid from the long grass beyond the stained windows, and everyone is earnest and a little hungry by the time the last hymn is sung. There had been no flaw in the plan, no recantation from the promise. Mr. Nathan is both too wise and too skilful to make his heaven our hell. He merely shows us, with a beautiful clarity and precision, how certain persons fared there—and why, at the last, they were unable to settle down.

And, superficially, that is all there is to the book. They came and they were not content. And of that discontent, and the reasons for it, Mr. Nathan has fashioned a witty and beautifully written comedy. But the undertone of the book is not comic and, for all the deceptive lucidity of Mr. Nathan's style, he is not precisely fishing for minnows in the shallow brooks of Heaven. There are strange creatures in those waters, and one was once called Leviathan. And when at the close of the book, Mr. Lewis-Levy stands shivering and afraid on the brink of another river, the bitterness of death is not yet past.

* * *

Robert Nathan stands alone among the American writers of his day. This is his eighth novel. In many ways it is his best one. But not one of the eight could have been written by another hand—nor, except for the very early "Peter Kindred," is there one of them which "dates" as so many of our modern literary skyscrapers do already. Satirist and fabulist, he has made a unique place for himself in American letters. The literary genealogists may relate him to Æsop on the one hand and to Anatole France on the other, if they choose—a curious and interesting parentage. The important thing is his complete mastery of the medium he has chosen to work in—and his remarkable power of building something which is more than fantasy from a slight, fantastic theme.

He does not waste words on an emotion, but while our fictional broadsworders make heavy passes in the air, his light foil touches to the heart of the matter and pierces it. He is telling us a charming, slightly melancholy fable—and suddenly, at the turn of a phrase, the masks are off, the sky enlarges. It is the world we have been looking at, not a puppet-show; this puppet called Jonah bleeds from an old wound, this one called Mr. Levy gives up heaven itself for the bread of life.

Such talents are rare enough in any time. They seem particularly rare in ours. We have dozens of obvious satirists of the obvious. But not one of them could cross swords with Mr. Nathan on his own ground. As for fancy and fantasy—we praise these things and sometimes even buy them—when they are imported. But with "There is Another Heaven" one of our most individual and scrupulous artists comes to his full stature. It is time that we gave him not only the praise, but the reading which is his due.

"The Thomas Hardy Memorial scheme is making regrettably slow progress," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "Since it was found that the funds available would not permit the erection of an obelisk on Egdon Heath nothing, apparently, has been done. The journal proposes to buy Max Gate, Hardy's home for many years, for the nation."

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, IV

I PLEASE myself by transcribing some of Mistletoe's old notes of college lectures. Perhaps more accurately than much reminiscent musing they give a cross section of the college process at work; they show that (however little these youths may have profitted) at least they were given exposure to wise and candid notions. Of course these memoranda were not original but condensed by the student himself from the spoken word. You might find them with but small variation in the cahiers of many generations of those who sat under the same magistrates.

But how vividly, to the alumnus himself, these random excerpts bring back the personalities involved, the humors of the classroom, the picture of bent heads and pencils busy in pursuit of doctrine. The breathless feeling in Philosophy IV—famous there too as in greater institutions also—that now at last we were on the near vestiges of the Ultimate. Occasional parentheses of local or topical ribaldry one excises; otherwise these fragments are genuine. Perhaps one smiles at the shrewd way some of earth's larger riddles were simplified for green capacity; but very likely all teaching has to proceed by search for Greatest Common Divisor.

English I. November 28, 1906

Slang, excepting in cases of abbreviation, is an old word or phrase given a new and undignified application. If a new application is intelligent and in good taste it may come to have a literary value. If the application is the result of loose thinking or of questionable taste it is vulgar and execrable. Indulgence in vulgar slang is the sure evidence of a weak, shallow and slovenly mind.

The *denotation* of a word is the idea for which it stands as a symbol. Denotation appeals to the intellect. Its chief virtue is accuracy. Example: a diamond denotes a hard transparent precious stone.

Connotation is the power of calling up associations. It appeals to the imagination and the feelings. Its chief virtue is suggestiveness. Poetry is richer in connotation than prose. It is always, however, a great merit. Example: diamond connotes great value, sparkling rays of light, dark mines, crowns, rings, brooches. Also baseball fields.

Command of the English language is attained, 1st by the study of words in a dictionary; 2nd, by the observation of words in reputable authors; 3rd, by the translation of foreign masterpieces; 4th, by constant practice in writing. Robert Louis Stevenson carried a notebook in his pocket and recorded his impressions of men and nature. Franklin studied Addison's *Spectator* and rewrote passages from memory.

The 3 chief qualities of Style are Clearness, Force, and Ease. Clearness demands ready intelligibility; Force, impressiveness; and Ease, agreeableness. Macaulay writes a clear style; Carlyle a forcible one; and Addison an easy style.

The rule of Clearness is not to write so that the reader can understand, but so that he cannot possibly misunderstand. Beware of ambiguities and obscurities.

The rule of Force is to write with the Power of Conviction and Enthusiasm. Ernest preparatory thinking will add force to style. Webster's Reply to Hayne was the result of 30 years of Thought. A style gains in force also by the artificial devices of rhetoric. Force is the result and expression of Personality.

The rule of Ease is a paradox, or contradiction. To write an easy style one must make an intentional effort and at the same time appear to make no effort at all. It is the art of concealing the art.

The aim of all good stylists is attained when in addition to clear statement the writer makes an appeal to the reader's sense of beauty.

English XI. October 2, 1908

V. Hogarth: Rake's Progress, Harlot's Progress.

Typical Queen Anne house (like Anne herself) was plain, dull, regular, and solid. Blenheim Palace, built by the nation and given to Duke of Marlborough after victory at Blenheim is severe, solid, stolid, lack of ornamentation. These qualities were characteristic of the plain merchant.

Mostly roofed by red tiles. Facades severe, staircases narrow—wallpapers just beginning to replace tapestries in cheaper families. Drinking water brought in and kept in cisterns. See Addison on Street Cries. Raree shows.

Not lavishly furnished. Chairs high backed and stiff. Comfortable couches. Much money spent on beds, huge canopies and curtains. Rents cheap—comfortable house and stable for £40 a year. In suburbs a brick or stone house for £5 a yr. Servants plentiful and cheap. A man kept a retinue who went out with him at night. Footmen enter largely into literature; usually formed the gallery gods at the theatre.

Bedrooms never heated—coal expensive. Swift writes to Stella that he goes to bed early to save expense of coals. A good footman, £6 a year.

Daily life of Women and Men of Fashion. The dandy, known as the macaroni (dude). "Yankee Doodle came to town, riding on a pony, They stuck a feather in his hat and called him Macaroni." This was written in derision of the uncouthness of Americans and Colonials. Men wore large hats with feathers (Merry Widow hats) later the women imitated them. Pontack's, the London Delmonico's.

Satirists of XVIII century direct their shafts against the vanity and uselessness of the fashionable women. Swift considers them no better than monkeys. In Bed till Noon. Afternoon, Dressing. Evening, Dining. Cards till midnight. Objects of her affection: a page, a monkey, and a lapdog.

Women received their friends (even men) in bed. Men kissed each other on meeting. When a man entered a room and was introduced he was expected to kiss all the ladies (on the lips!)

The Englishman is insular, intense prejudices. Didn't travel much. Travelling very precarious until merchant class and commercial interests grew. Roads narrow—teamsters would fight for right of way. Impassable in bad weather. Footpads, highwaymen, some would exact tribute for which they would guarantee protection for the rest of the journey. Claude Duval, let a lady off with £100 because she consented to dance with him! When sent to prison, romantic ladies sent flowers.

The bright aspect of English travelling was the English inn. Read The Cloister and the Hearth.

The country squire. Of Squire Western (Tom Jones) with Squire Cass (Silas Marner.) The squire of Queen Anne's time didn't have more education or culture than the coachman today. The companion of his grooms, &c. Collected rents, acted as local magistrate. Home brewed ale. A hard drinker. His wife had the accomplishments of a modern barmaid. Sewing, spinning, making gooseberry wine, working in kitchen. Squire usually a Royalist, knew his genealogy, fought for his king. It was the country squire who fought for King Charles at Edgehill and Naseby. Hated most things he knew nothing about—Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Jews, neighbors. Important in the agricultural but not in the intellectual life of his country.

Philosophy IV. November 18, 1909

Wordsworth: *Tintern Abbey*.

Plato's Ultimate Reality is not alone a principle of knowledge. In his highest moments his ultimate is a real presence, to be felt. V. *Phaedrus* and *Symposium* (speech of Diotima.) In *Timaeus*, this ultimate becomes personal, as any ultimate must be which is to explain knowledge and purpose for ideas are always personal. A person is a unity of ideas and will-purposes.

In the *Symposium* we find Plato's doctrine of love (*Eros*) which has almost no reference to sexual love but is the principle of ecstasy, of being taken out of ourselves by inspiration. In moments of ecstasy Plato finds himself in the presence of the eternal. This doctrine bridges the chasm between the world yonder and this world. The ultimate is no longer off in another world, but is a real presence in the objects of this world. For the passion of love never arises until we discover the eternal (i. e., the absolutely *kaloskagathos*) in the particular. In *beauty* we find the revelation of something that *is as it ought to be*. In the presence of this absolutely good we find ourselves in state of *eros*, love, ecstasy. Read Tintern Abbey carefully. Throws great light on meaning of philosophy and the search to unify subject and object.

In this interpretation the idea of the good becomes the complete unity of knowing and being, the supreme principle in the world and in the mind & so sums up the whole rational universe.

Is the rational universe the whole of the universe? Is there anything in the universe that cannot be brought to rationality?

3.14159 . . . is irrational?

Can anything that is always the same be irrational?

Mind: no matter.

Matter: never mind.

Philosophy V. February 15, 1910

Conscience—the mental faculty for distinguishing R & Wr, and which gives incentive to follow one and avoid other. Varies in different people—active or dormant. It can always be developed & cultivated. We shall consider Conscience as purely a human faculty, not from any supernatural aspect.

Varies in same individual at different times, & varies with the mental constitution of the individual. Kleptomaniacs have no scruples against stealing, &c.

Education has a tremendous influence on conscience. Public sentiment at Univ of Va is overwhelmingly against cheating or deceit of any kind. But not so in case of sobriety.

The community we are in is continually educating us. We want our conscience to be in accordance with the eternal principles of right and wrong. We want to put ourselves in an atmosphere that will develop our conscience in the right way. The education of the conscience either upward or downward is continuous. The intensity of conscience is also impt. People do things they know to be wrong, because c. doesn't reprove very hard. The best way to develop c. is to obey it. To disobey c. weakens it.

A sensitive c. always educates itself. A live c. will not let its owner alone until he finds out what is right and does it. A man with sensitive c. is always open to new views. Such a man cannot be static.

A sensitive c. is then the greatest thing a man can have. Don't ridicule a man because he looks at things differently from ourselves. The feeling that he can't or won't do certain things is a fine thing in a man. A conscientious man is often wrong. But he has a better chance for alignment with the best that is in him than the other man.

Liberty of Conscience: in England, the idea was introduced by exiles returning from Holland ca. 1640. Roger Wms was prominent. "The Bloody Pennant of Persecution for Conscience' Sake." Cromwell: "I beseech you brethren by the bowels of X to think it possible that you are mistaken." Roger Wms book to the effect that everybody had right to think as he pleased was not appreciated in England. He came to R. I. & started a colony. All cranks and fanatics gathered there, & the colony was pointed to with scorn. Wms and Fox had great disputes. Wms said the Quakers were heretics & wd go to hell but gave them their rights anyway.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of The Saturday Review *and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.*

★THE UNIVERSE AROUND US. By SIR JAMES JEANS. Macmillan.
An excellent book on astronomy considered in the light of the latest physical discoveries.

★ARE WE CIVILIZED? By ROBERT H. LOWIE. Harcourt, Brace.
A radical study of civilization in terms of comparison with the savages, who do not suffer.

★SONS OF THE MAMMOTH. By WALDEMAR BOGORAS. Cosmopolitan.
Said to be good anthropology, and certainly a vivid reconstruction of primitiveness.

★THE DARK JOURNEY. By JULIAN GREEN. Harpers.
A powerful analysis of the influence of personality on mind—grim, compact, vivid.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Books of Special Interest

The World and the League

THE ORDEAL OF THIS GENERATION. By GILBERT MURRAY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

IF Gilbert Murray were arguing for the merits of a classical education, this book would be well-nigh conclusive. The breadth of view, the profundity of thought, the clear, free style, the utterly disarming personality which informs the whole volume, make up a fruit from the tree of classical learning beside which the fruit of any other tree is apt to seem withered and tasteless. "Oh that mine enemy would write a book" might well be supplemented by the plea that our friends should write such books as this.

To a charm of style and manner which is thus almost conclusive in itself, the author brings a breadth of knowledge of international affairs and an immediacy of contact with the workings of the League of Nations therein, that enables him to build up what is far and away the most powerful argument for the League that this reviewer has seen.

Professor Murray first destroys the conception of peace as an absence of strife. His philosophy frankly accepts conflict as a necessary element in life. In the earlier stages of history it was natural that this conflict should take the form of physical battle of man against man. But the abolition of war does not mean the abolition of a primary instinct. War "is not an element in human nature, it is part of a political program. It is no more an instinct, or an element in human nature, than the adoption of an income-tax, or state-owned railways, or a protective tariff on wheat." We have reached a point in human development where war is not only no longer necessary but where it has become a luxury which civilization can no longer afford. That does not mean, however, that the race must lose the moral qualities which war has instilled. There is still ample opportunity for striving and conquest, not the least of which is offered in the conquest of war itself.

Professor Murray's all-too-brief appraisal of the nineteenth century culminating in the Victorian era should give pause to those who find a flippant satisfaction in condemning it outright because its manners differ from their own. The review of what was accomplished in the nineteenth century gives it credit for more progress in the elements of civilization than any of its predecessors. But its accomplishments left the world with one great weakness—the doctrine of national sovereignty remained intact to plague the opening decades of the present century.

So firmly is this doctrine embedded in international life that it still threatens the peace of the world. The wonder is not that war has occurred, but that it has been so often avoided. It appears impossible to conjure away the obstreperous spirit of sovereignty by the adoption of any form of international organization based upon the principle of majority rule. Voluntary entrance into such an organization would imply a deliberate renunciation of that independence of action which is the fundamental tenet of national sovereignty. Yet when the great war was over it was obvious that the system would have to be changed if civilization itself was to survive.

The League of Nations is the solution which is now being tested. The League acts in important matters not by majority but by unanimity. It thus avoids any open conflict with the principle of independent sovereignty. But the League has two characteristics which go far to keep the excesses of national sovereignty within bounds. In the first place it has devised a procedure under which vital issues are first studied by experts as far removed as possible from political influence. In this way are naturally and readily made many concessions which no politician arrogating to himself the protection of his country's extreme sovereign rights could afford to make. Secondly, the League offers a public forum in which the claims of every party concerned can be heard and must be defended. World opinion can be easily focussed on any important international issue. The restraining influence upon ebullient demagogues is incalculable. Defiant gestures which seem magnificent before a national parliament appear only silly when repeated in the council chamber of the League.

The author does not attempt to belittle or gloss over the failures and shortcomings of the League. He readily concedes them. But in spite of them he feels—and comes very close to demonstrating—that the League has made an immeasurable contribution to the peace of the world. He would therefore not only go on with it but strengthen it and enlarge the field of its activities. Despite his loyalty as an Englishman, he finds Great Britain one of the chief obstacles to further progress. English diplomats have for various reasons, which Professor Murray finds quite inadequate, refused to go the whole way either in compulsory arbitration or in the renunciation of war.

England may go to arbitration, say these strange diplomats, but she must not promise beforehand to go to arbitration. England does not wish to go to war, but she must never promise not to go to war. She must keep her hands free! In God's name, free for what? Free to force on Europe that "one more war in the West" which, as the Prime Minister has said, will bring not only the British Empire, but "the civilization of the ages," down with a crash like that of Rome. If hands are to be free for that, they will be tied for every wiser purpose.

After his analysis of the position and tendencies of Great Britain, Professor Murray's strictures on the conduct of the United States seem mild indeed. His appeal is directed to his own people and he does not undertake to show us the error of our ways. Yet many of his arguments apply with equal logic to our own country. No one who argues for the League or for American membership therein can afford to be without, and no one who argues the other side of the case can afford to ignore, this volume. In reading it the contending advocates of each side can hardly fail to acquire a deeper knowledge of the real significance of the problems they discuss and a broader tolerance for opposing points of view.

Athos, the Holy Mountain

THE STATION. Athos: Treasures and Men. By ROBERT BYRON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

IN "The Station" Mr. Byron gives an account of a journey made with three companions to Athos, the Holy Mountain of Macedonian Greece, inhabited by monks who, in the words of another writer, "form a theocratic republic verging on its thousandth year of unchallenged dominion and forty-eight hours from Vienna." Thither men have gone to become monks and hermits at least since the ninth century, and thither they still go at the surprising rate of one hundred to one hundred and fifty a year, their autonomy again secured and ratified by the new Greek constitution. Unique in many other ways, this community of men stands as a living testimony to the belief that woman is the source of evil and corruption, and that she and other-worldliness cannot abide together; for all things feminine are as far as possible excluded from the mountain.

The object of Mr. Byron's journey was to see, and, wherever feasible, photograph the works of art, especially the frescoes, of the monasteries. The object of the book, apparently, is to give the general reader, to the accompaniment of much journalistic chitchat, some idea of what this undefined backwater of Byzantinism still contains of beauty; what contribution its peculiar way of life, its unique architecture, have made to civilization; and particularly, most interesting of his theses, the relation in which it stands to modern art.

For the traveller who wishes a guide to the monasteries there is Hasluck's "Athos and its Monasteries," for the one who wishes to prepare himself for better understanding there is something to be got from "The Station" which he cannot find elsewhere. However, it must be looked for closely. It is presented in a concoction, in which trivial anecdote and all too frequent descriptions of the trial by vermin and filth through which every traveller to the Balkans and the Levant must of necessity pass, are none too happily blended with penetrating observations and vivid descriptions of people and things. One wishes Mr. Byron would give us more of the simplicity of which he is capable; that the fresh poetry of his vision, the telling imagery of single phrases, were not so often embedded in a tortuous and self-conscious prose. Here is discord; but promise, too, that some day it will give way to richer harmonies which we could ill afford to lose.

The book contains a chapter on the character of the monastic rule in the individual communities and of the form of government by which they are united. Then follow descriptions of the more important of the monasteries, of their works of art, and of the adventures that befell the four companions in work and play on the Mountain.

Gladstone and the Throne

AFTER THIRTY YEARS. By VISCOUNT GLADSTONE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $7.50.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

THE career of a dead statesman is his nation's affair or the world's. It is not a family matter. Viscount Gladstone, however, has written the present volume because he believes a son is justified in defending his father's capacities as a statesman against attack. "I claim the privileges of a son," he states. One can respect a son's retort to aspersions reflecting on the integrity or morals of a parent, and the Gladstone family recently went to court in England to disprove charges that the great Victorian's standards of virtue were casual. But, admirable as such filial conduct is, it can scarcely be admitted that family pride justifies efforts to rebut historical criticism. Viscount Gladstone in this respect has no right to "claim the privileges of a son." Had he important contributions to make to the history of his father's career and the times in which he lived, he would be as justified as anyone else in setting them forth. There is little such in his book.

His chapters contain, principally, attacks on those who have criticized his father, Buckle in particular. He finds "a definite and unscrupulous purpose in writers (about his father) who readily accept, without evidence and inquiry, almost everything which supports their prejudices." The writers who knew his father, Viscount Gladstone declares, without exception, have recorded impressions sustaining his own high judgment; while "of the writers who have traduced or disparaged his personality, his character, his intentions, and motives, not one has had even the personal knowledge which approaches to intimacy."

Personal intimacy with great statesmen surely is not essential to the biographer or historian. Distance and perspective are more valuable. The personal intimate has a viewpoint which consciously or unconsciously makes for prejudice. The late Lord Morley wrote a "Life of Gladstone" in two large volumes. They are a valuable contribution to facts, on which future historians will draw; but they are limited as to criticism by the close friendship which existed between the two men. In terms of criticism, they are chiefly important for expressing the Morley opinion, not the opinion of impartial history. Winston Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," his father, is chiefly admirable in that it shows how a son can examine, with some semblance of impartiality, his father's career. That book is an exception because Mr. Churchill has the journalist's *flair* for impersonality and spotting the unusual, coupled with an indifference to political consistency, which stimulates historical impartiality.

But, Viscount Gladstone has had no such training. He does not relish condemnation of the founder of his title, and finds that "apart from actions which were and still are matters of political opinion, Mr. Gladstone's errors were remarkably few." But, it is just these matters of "political opinion" around which controversial discussion of Gladstone revolves. The debate is under full headway and will remain so for a considerable time to come.

Gladstone's reputation as compared with Disraeli's is such a matter. The son puts his father far higher; but, one feels it is a family fight for him and not a historian's verdict, though history may eventually find supporting evidence. Viscount Gladstone is especially chagrined at the mass of recent material concerning his father's relations with Queen Victoria. Her Majesty, he finds, "had no sense of humor. That is apparent enough in her strange, tacit acceptance of Lord Beaconsfield's most high-flown efforts." But, must a woman's sense of humor be judged by her capacity to analyze compliments paid to her, especially by one who raised her from Queen to Empress?

"Mr. Gladstone," we are told, "was very serious over affairs of state. So was the Queen. If only she had known how to chaff him! Then the ice would have gone." Victoria chaffing Gladstone would have caused both to think she had gone mad. It is Viscount Gladstone's opinion that his father's staunchness to Democracy saved the throne, by standing between Victoria and her people. "Throughout this period . . . there is only one figure in political life and action which stands out through the period in its entirety. When Mr. Gladstone died the Throne remained on the secure foundation of respect and loyalty."

That is a thesis of importance in the history of British democracy. It is an idea which needs careful examination and detailed study. But, there was an ideal Victoria in the minds of her subjects as well as the real Victoria who was unknown to them. That, too, is a fact of importance in the history of British democracy. The story of Gladstone versus the popular conception of Victoria still remains to be told. Did democracy profit through Gladstone? Yes; and chiefly because there was also a popular idea of Gladstone as well as the real. But, his son assists us little to find the meaning.

Old Russia

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Translated from the Russian by NATALIE DUDDINGTON. New York: Viking Press. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

RUSSIANS often say that Pushkin's poetry is "untranslatable" and certainly the difficulties have been enough to keep most of it the other side the language wall. Quite otherwise with his jolly old historical novel "The Captain's Daughter," which is as simple and direct as any of Tolstoy's earlier sketches and surprisingly young after its century of life.

First published in 1836, it goes back to the late eighteenth century, the steppe country roundabout Orenburg, and the Pugatchov rebellion for its scene, and its story is that of young love and a young country gentleman's adventures as a soldier. Its place in Russian pre-Bolshevik literature might be compared with that of Walter Scott's novels in our own. Written as a regular novel for grown-ups and still to be read by anybody with amusement and pleasure, its simple, vigorous style, lively humor, and clean, untroubled point of view, had already put it, by the time such writers as Artzibatchev and Andreiev were appearing on the scene, in the class of stories all well-brought-up young folks were recommended to read. Its humor and realistic satire doesn't date in the least, nor does its crisp and sympathetic picture of the ruffian pretender who made so much trouble for the government of Catherine II. If some of its romance, such episodes, for example, as the simple heroine's visit to the Empress to intercede for her wrongly-accused lover, seem a bit trite and operatic today, that is time's rather than the author's fault, and even in our generation there must still be many who will enjoy the story just as did the young Russians of a generation ago.

The popularity of "The Captain's Daughter" in the old Russian days is understandable enough. The social values and preferences of a feudal society—implicit in the narrative—could scarcely be more attractively put. The relationship, affectionate and loyal, charming without sentimentality, between the young hero, Grinyov, and his old body-servant, Savelyitch, for instance, is typical. Savelyitch is as much the father of the boy as he is his serf, and Grinyov as much the friend and protector of the old servant as he is his master.

Vasilissa Yegorovna, wife of the old commandant of the frontier fortress, brought up in the army and contemptuous, in a quite contemporary, Shavian way, with wars and alarms as a mere sort of masculine game interfering with good housekeeping and the serious business of living; her simple, warm-hearted daughter, Masha; the dashing captain of Hussars who assures young Grinyov that billards are indispensable to soldiers—"on a march, for instance, one comes to some wretched little place by the western frontier. What is one to do? One can't be always beating Jews, you know"—all this, and much else, is old-fashioned Russian through and through.

In telling how the Pugatchov revolt was suppressed, innocent and guilty punished alike, and the whole region laid waste, Pushkin's hero exclaims, "God save us from seeing a Russian revolt, meaningless and merciless! Those who are plotting impossible violent changes in Russia are either young and do not know our people, or are hard-hearted men who do not care a straw either about their own lives or those of other people!"

No words are wasted in this old tale. Nothing is set down merely for the sake of words. Everything is direct, pithy, and to the point. A good old story, with life, loyalty, and laughter in it, which lives, even after its hundred years, almost as if it were new.

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Authentic Tidings

WE live in an age and a land above all things marked by hurried motion. I happened to come from Pittsburgh to New York the other day, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Every few minutes another train flashed by in the opposite direction. On a hundred thousand miles of rails the same flying shuttles were hurtling back and forth. The taxi which took me from one station to another in New York was numbered (they know better now) one million seven hundred thousand and odd, and the other million or so were trying simultaneously to hurl themselves along the streets. And under the street, packed trains, a couple of minutes or so apart, were crashing back and forth in the din of steel on steel flung back from walls of stone.

Matthew Arnold saw all this coming—saw it, indeed, already well under way—much more than fifty years ago. "O born in days when wits were fresh and clear," he cries in his "Scholar-Gipsy,"

> And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
> Before *this strange disease of modern life,*
> *With its sick hurry, its divided aims,*
> *Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts,* was rife—
> Fly hence, our contact fear! . . .

And he continues:

> But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
> For strong is the infection of our mental strife.

And in these last lines Arnold puts his finger on the core of the malady, so far as we are concerned. For this tension in which today we live and move and have our being is contagious. And there Matthew Arnold is at one with William James, in that wise discourse, his talk to students on "The Gospel of Relaxation": "The American overtension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity," he declares, "are primarily social . . . phenomena. They are *bad habits* . . . bred of custom and example." And you know, and I know, that high tension *is* contagious, and that we move in an atmosphere charged with energy driving at action, which sets us driving too, whether we are geared to anything or not. And we are helpless, unless—but that is to anticipate. And now I come back for a moment to Arnold again:

> But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise—
> What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
> What leisure to grow wise?
>
> Like children bathing on the shore,
> Buried a wave beneath,
> The second wave succeeds, before
> We have had time to breathe.
>
> Too fast we live, too much are tried,
> Too harass'd, to attain
> Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
> And luminous view to gain.

And that brings us within sight of our theme.

For one of the consequences of this modern malady of ours is that the gracious things which lend to life and human intercourse the beauty of serenity and comeliness are gone, or on the wane. "The wisdom of a learned man," wrote the author of Ecclesiasticus long centuries ago, "cometh by opportunity of leisure," and not wisdom only, but grace, and gentle breeding, and amenity, and poise come so, and only so. And leisure (which is not to be confused with empty time, but which is time through which free, life-enhancing currents flow)—leisure in these days is something to be sought and cherished as a rare and priceless boon; leisure to think, and talk, and write, and read—lost arts else, all of them. "John Wesley's conversation is good," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell once, "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." The sainted John Wesley in the rôle of a modern "hustler" is a little humorous, and Samuel Johnson did a certain amount of work himself. But an age that loved, on occasion, to fold its legs, and have its talk out, and its book out, and its delightful familiar letters out, may not have been one hundred per cent efficient (in our devastating modern phrase), but it did have shelter to grow ripe, and it did have leisure to grow wise, and more than our own driving, restless period, it did possess its soul. "We are great fools," says Montaigne: "'He spends his life in idleness,' we say, 'I've *done* nothing today.' What! Have you not *lived?* That is not only the most fundamental, but the most illustrious of your occupations."

Our salvation, then, lies in the refusal to be forever hurried with the crowd, and in our resolution to step out of it at intervals, and drink from deeper wells. "Il se faut reserver une arrière boutique, toute nôtre, toute franche"—"we ought to reserve for ourselves an *arrière boutique*, a backshop, all our own, all free, in which we may set up our own true liberty and principal retreat and solitude." That is Montaigne's ripe, leisured wisdom, and in that *arrière boutique* the pious wish of Chaucer's: "I hope, y-wis, to rede . . . som day," may find accomplishment.

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading," says Stevenson in his delectable "Gossip on Romance,"

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

> the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. It was for this . . . that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. . . .

and so on delightfully. Now it is that unquenchable, bubbling zest on which I wish for the moment to insist, and Stevenson's is the gusto of "the bright, troubled period of boyhood." Let us set beside it, as is fitting, its companion piece. "But, my dearest Catherine"—and need I say that it is the immortal and adorable Jane Austen who is speaking—

> "But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have you gone on with 'Udolpho'?"
>
> "Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil."
>
> "Are you indeed? How delightful! Oh, I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are you not wild to know?"
>
> "Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me. I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton; I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton. Oh, I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."
>
> "Dear creature, how much I am obliged to you! and when you have finished 'Udolpho,' we will read 'The Italian' together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."
>
> "Have you indeed? How glad I am! What are they all?"
>
> "I will read you their names directly. Here they are, in my pocket-book: 'Castle of Wolfenbach,' 'Clermont,' 'Mysterious Warnings,' 'Necromancer of the Black Forest,' 'Midnight Bell,' 'Orphan of the Rhine,' and 'Horrid Mysteries.' Those will last us some time."
>
> "Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid? Are you sure they are all horrid?"
>
> "Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them."

Well, that is the meat upon which your inveterate readers are apt to have fed in childhood, and happy are you, if you have been caught at it young. For romances, and stories of giants, magicians, and genii, read with a child's quick and plastic imagination, are stepping stones to later, deeper, if no more enduring loves. "I read through all gilt-cover little books that could be had at that time," wrote Coleridge to Tom Poole in those precious fragments of an autobiography,

> and likewise all the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant Killer, and the like. And I used to lie by the wall, and mope; and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly and in a flood—and then I was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard, and act over again all I had been reading on the docks, the nettles, and the rank grass. At six years of age . . . I found the Arabian Nights' Entertainments . . . and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it, I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask, and read. . . . My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read.

Now I have dwelt on this seemingly irrelevant theme of early reading, because the element of delight is the point I wish just now to emphasize, and that eager, childlike zest, once caught, is seldom lost. There is no essential difference, for example, between Coleridge's absorption in the "Arabian Nights," and the irrepressible gusto with which John Keats read Shakespeare—Keats who went "ramping" (as Cowden Clarke put it) through the "Faerie Queene"; who "hoisted himself up and looked burly and dominant, as he said, 'What an image that is—*sea-shouldering whales*'"; who wrote, the night he first opened Chapman's Homer: "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken." I always think, when I read in Keats's letters the things he says about his books, of those lines in "Ruth":

> Before me shone a glorious world—
> Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
> To music suddenly.

I have known, *you* know, men and women—busy men and women, too—to whom a book still means that. It is the very spirit of Miranda's cry:

> O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!

And I envy any one to whom for the first time—or for the hundredth time—the brave new world of books is opening, that world which has such people in it: Cleopatra, Mr. Pickwick, Helen of Troy, Samuel Pepys, the Wife of Bath, Sir John Falstaff, Mrs. Proudie, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Becky Sharp, Perdita, Pantagruel, Mephistopheles, Launcelot, Dido, and a thousand others more alive than you and I. "I doe nothing without blithenesse," wrote Montaigne in his essay on "Books"—and if I were going to that famous desert island for which we are periodically asked to select our five-foot shelf, Montaigne in his pithy, sinewy, succulent French would be almost the first whom I should pick—"Je ne fay rien sans gayeté"; and no mortal ever went adventuring more blithely among books than Michael Montaigne, or brought home richer treasure-trove.

"But," you will say to me, "we haven't time." I know it; very few of us these days have time—those least, I sometimes think, who have it most. But even if, being modern, and ambitious, and efficient, and all that, we are whirled along with our fellow atoms in the rush, we shall not be losing time if now and then we pause, and loaf (I wish the fine phrase had not been worn so trite), loaf, and invite our souls. And if you worship in the temple of efficiency, don't forget—and again I am drawing on the wise humanity of William James—that "just as a bicycle chain may be too tight, so may one's carefulness and conscientiousness

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by John Livingston Lowes

be so tense as to hinder the running of one's mind." And after all, the smooth, free running of one's mind is fairly important to the precious efficiency of whatever machinery it be that your particular intelligence helps to run. Even as a business proposition (to fall again into the jargon of the day), time spent in unclamping our mental processes is time won, and not time lost.

And the thing is possible. Here is part of a letter which Matthew Arnold wrote to his sister. And Arnold, being a hard-driven public official, knew whereof he spoke.

> If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you.

There is none of us for whom, with occasional lapses, that is not possible. And the last thing on earth that I am suggesting is that this hour be made a task—something to which we bind ourselves, with grim conscientiousness, as to one relentless duty more. I am not forgetting that I am still speaking of reading for the sheer delight of it, and to come down to cases is worth considerably more than further homiletics. Here is a passage in which William Hazlitt is talking of luxuriating in books:

> I remember sitting up half the night to read "Paul and Virginia," which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's "Camilla." It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the "New Eloise," at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.

And that delectable epicureanism is one of the marks of your true reader for delight—he remains a human being while he reads.

I have not the slightest intention in all this of implying that only the hundred best books, so to speak, will serve our purposes. Some of the most bewitching, completely captivating things in life lie buried in forgotten, relatively worthless books, if one has eyes to see them. An enterprising young friend of mine suggested in a letter that I had from him not long ago the alluring enterprise of an anthology of the *worst* poetry. I hope he will make it! For your true adventurer in "the wide, wild wilderness of books" knows that often, as Browning has it, "the worst turns the best for the brave." "I am going to repeat my old experiment," Stevenson wrote in a letter to Sidney Colvin, "after buckling to a while to write more correctly, lie down and have a wallow." That is not elegant, but it is precise. And after one has wound up one's faculties, like Mrs. Battle, over serious things, one may indulge with propriety in what I suppose one may designate as a slumming expedition among books. I do not recommend it as a practice, but for occasional indulgence there are distinguished precedents. Macaulay, for instance, besides knowing the romances of a certain prolific Mrs. Meeke almost by heart, was devoted to the literary efforts of a Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson—"Santo Sebastiano, or, the Young Protector," "The Forest of Montalbano," "The Romance of the Pyrenees," "Adelaide, or, the Countercharm." And on the last page of his edition of "Santo Sebastiano" appears an elaborate computation of the number of fainting fits that occur in the course of the five volumes. Here they are:

Julia de Clifford	11
Lady Delamore	4
Lady Theodosia	4
Lord Glenbrook	2
Lord Delamore	2
Lady Enderfield	1
Lord Ashgrove	1
Lord St. Orville	1
Henry Mildmay	1

a total of 27. And here is a specimen of one of these catastrophes: "One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal now diffused itself over the countenance of Lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a death-like swoon."

I am not, as you see, submitting a bibliography, or suggesting learned apparatus. For the moment we are concerned with reading for the sheer delight of it, when the world is all before us where to choose. But with delight there may be coupled something else. For one also reads to learn. And about that and one thing more, I shall be very brief.

Let me begin with a remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> There are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week, that same fact or idea strikes you from another quarter. . . . Yet no possible connection exists between the two channels by which the thought or the fact arrived. . . . And so it has happened to me and to every person, often and often, to be hit in rapid succession by these twinned facts or thoughts, as if they were linked like chain-shot.

Now all of us have had that experience, and it is apt to give us a curious sensation. "Here," we say, "we've gone all our life without seeing that, and now all at once we see it at every turn. What does it mean?" Not long ago, for example, my attention was called for the first time, in a letter, to an international society of writers; two days later my eye caught a reference to it in a daily paper. Soon afterward I heard, for the first time to my knowledge, the name of a certain breed of terriers. Within a week I had come across the name in two different novels I was reading. What had happened? Simply this. I had doubtless seen both names time and again before, but nothing had ever stamped them on my memory, and so when they turned up again, they wakened no response. Then, all at once, something did fix them in my mind, and, when they met my eye once more, they were there behind it, so to speak, to recognize themselves when they appeared. There had been set up in my brain, as it were, by each of them, a magnetic centre, ready to catch and attract its like.

Now one of the things which the process we call education ought to do, and by no means always does, is to establish in the mind as many as possible of these magnetic centres—live spots, which thrust out tentacles of association, and catch and draw to themselves their kind. For there are few joys in reading like the joy of the chase. And the joy of the chase comes largely through the action of these centres of association in your brain. Let me illustrate what I mean, and since first-hand experience imparts a certain vividness which abstract theorizing lacks, let me use myself as a *corpus vile*, and draw for a moment upon that.

Years ago, like everybody who was interested in Chaucer, I was puzzled by a mysterious reference to "the dry sea and the Carrenar." There was no Carrenar that anybody knew nor, for that matter, any assured dry sea. One day, as I was reading in an old battered volume of "Purchas his Pilgrimes," which is one of my choicest treasures, I was struck by the recurrence in a number of Central-Asian place-names, of the prefix *Kara*. But none of them had the termination *nar*. Might they offer, however, a possible clue? So I asked that one among my colleagues who is an adept in all outlandish tongues, what the combination Kara-nar would mean in any languge which he knew. The instant answer was: Black Lake. The rest of the long tale I shall not tell. Suffice it to say that there was and is a lake called Kara-nor; that it lay and lies off the great ancient trade-route between Orient and Occident, traveled in Chaucer's time; and that the lake is on the edge of a vast and terrible desert which was and is, in name and character, a veritable dry sea. And the sole reason of my mention of the business here is this: Had the crux of the Carrenar not been very much alive in my head, I might have seen a thousand Kara's in the travel-books without a thrill, and so have missed the most fascinating exploration—barring two—I ever undertook. And these other two came about in precisely the same way: through the recognition as I read of something which suggested, through a likeness recognized, the solution of a puzzle which had found a lodgment in my mind, and which was there, once more, to recognize its like, when, without warning, its like turned up. I cannot lay too strong an emphasis upon the sort of pleasure which results from the constant recognition in what one reads of things which link themselves, often in endlessly suggestive fashion, with things one has already read, till old friends with new faces meet us at every turn, and flash sudden light, and waken old associations, and quicken the zest for fresh adventures. To read with alert intellectual curiosity is one of the keenest joys of life, and it is pleasure which too many of us needlessly forgo.

* * *

One reads for the sheer enjoyment of it; one reads to learn; and there is a yet more excellent way. "Man *lernt* nichts," said Goethe of Winkelmann, "wenn man ihn liest, aber man *wird* etwas"—"you don't *learn* anything when you read him, but you *become* something." That strikes to the very root of things, for it puts into one pregnant phrase the supreme creative influence in the world—the contagious touch of great personalities. And if a good book is, in truth, as Milton in a noble passage once declared, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," then that creative influence of life on life is in the book, and as we read, our spirit is enriched and grows, and we *become* something. We are just a little ashamed these days, I know, in our reaction from a certain sort of cant, to read for our soul's sake, or our spirit's sake, or for edification, in the fine old sense of a sadly misused word. We feel, somehow, that it isn't quite the thing. Well, I don't care at all what terms you use; but we are more than intellect, and more than sense, and the deepest-lying springs of life are touched by life alone. And the men who have lived, and learned through living, and won through life a wide and luminous view—these men have the imperishable creative power of broadening, deepening, and enhancing life. They are the true humanists, and humanism, as I take it, is the development, not of scholars, not of philosophers, or scientists, or specialists in this or that, but of human beings.

We have no shrines, most of us, any more—we Protestant-Puritan-Pagan-Anglo-Saxon Occidentals—no tranquil Buddhas or symbols of the passion by the roadside, no solemn temples, few cool, silent churches, always open and inviting to withdrawal for a moment from the hurly-burly of the world. It is not my business to determine whether that means loss or gain. But one thing it is always in our power to do—to withdraw now and then from the periphery to the centre, from the ceaseless whirl of the life that streams and eddies round us to the deep serenity of those great souls of better centuries ("ces grandes âmes des meilleurs siècles"), who give—and the lines sum up the antidote to the sick hurry of today—who give

> Authentic tidings of invisible things;
> Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
> And central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation.

"The Address," as Professor Lowes terms it, which appears above, constitutes, with some omissions, a small volume entitled "Of Reading Books" which is shortly to be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The exigencies of space made it necessary to cut out of the essay some of the references and incidental comment which further enrich it, but the substance of the book stands unaltered. Those who are acquainted with Professor Lowes's "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" and "The Road to Xanadu," two of the most stimulating contributions to American literary criticism of recent years, may be unaware that he began his university career as a professor of mathematics at Washington and Jefferson College. Since 1918 he has been professor of English at Harvard University, and from 1924-1925 was Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. He has been an occasional contributor to periodicals, is an editor of Shakespeare, and one of the best-loved and most effective teachers of his day.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OUR particular and most extreme sense of guilt at the moment—and Heaven knows we are always feeling guilty about something (and, incidentally, through our various procrastinations, give ourselves plenty of cause),—to-day our most guilty feeling is concerning two nice slim volumes of poems that came to us from Houghton Mifflin last fall, containing the work of two young women associated in our mind with Chicago and with *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. Indeed one of them, Miss North, assumed the temporary editorship of that veteran poetry magazine when Miss Harriet Monroe went abroad this summer.

The books we speak of are "Lost City," by Marion Strobel, and "The Long Leash," by Jessica Nelson North. Miss Strobel (Mrs. Mitchell) became Associate Editor of *Poetry* in 1921. She published her first volume in 1925. She dedicates this new book to her husband. There is a deft turn to all her versification. Take this slight example, her impression of a lady descending a staircase:

Stairs loop around themselves and make
A coil as cunning as a snake;
And arms that move in welcome, hang
Out of their darkness like a fang;
And somewhere—where a mirror's hung—
A dress darts in it like a tongue.

That is the whole poem, but it is compactly vivid and significant. And then there is the conclusion of "Autumn Leaves," which we like very much:

No autumn leaf can warm a hand
As white as ash. See!—what you broke
Looked like a lifted firebrand
And fell apart like dust and smoke.

—even despite the stress that would make of "fire" a dissyllable.

The book is feminine. It is graceful and charming. It ends in the nursery with the author's two small daughters. As observantly amused a poem about a child as we have read for many a day is this one:

"Pretty" you say of an elephant.
"Pretty" you say of a kangaroo—
Every monkey in the zoo
Is pretty to you!

But if you see a violet,
Or if you see a cream-white rose,
You only purse your mouth a bit
And wriggle your nose!

There is more depth and subtlety, naturally, in some of the other poems. Most are fashioned with a delicate touch, even when they deal with love experience. Minor work, but attractive.

The title-poem of Miss North's book takes its words from her lines

Now on the long leash of your certain faith
Let me go out
Adventuring in midnight with the moon.

It is an interesting nocturnal meditation. The second section is particularly good. It strikes fire. The poem, "The Sleeper," is even better. In 1923 Will Ransom in Chicago printed Miss North's first book, "A Prayer Rug." That included "The Sleeper," together with another poem in the present volume which we would particularly single out, "To the Man Who Loves Twilight" (especially for its last verse), "Boatman," "Ambush," "Lullaby," "A Promise," and "A Sumerian Cycle." Most of these latter are slighter, and we should not have reprinted "A Sumerian Cycle" ourselves. Among the new poems "Legerdemain" strikes us as original, "As One Invulnerable," though we do not like the title, is moving, "Hensel" most pleasing, and in "Morning Shower" Miss North demonstrates how she can occasionally conjure with words.

We feel that Miss North has both a stronger utterance and more intensity than Miss Strobel. Certainly her new volume is an advance, as a whole, upon her earlier one, though to our mind "The Sleeper" remains her best poem so far.

Thus is discharged one indebtedness. We forget what shrift Mr. Allen Tate's book, "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," received in *The Saturday Review* last year, but we feel that we must mention it again. This thin volume from Minton, Balch does *not* contain thin verse. It contains a small sheaf of verse written out of scholarship, some pedantry, and much intellectual sensitivity. It is all interesting, even when it mystifies,—and mystify it does, frequently. We feel like quoting back at Mr. Tate

High in what hills, by what illuminations,
Are you intelligible? Your fierce latinity,
Beyond the nubian bulwark of the sea,
Sustains the immaculate sight

—but not always (we might add), not always *ours*.

Still, this is not quite fair. The latinity we can excuse, the penchant for the esoteric and for erudite rhetoric. We can excuse it because of the impression the rather too cryptically intimate poem "A Pauper" made upon us, and because of this, from the "Ode to the Confederate Dead":

. . . Now that the salt of their blood
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea,
Seals the malignant purity of the flood,
What shall we, who count our days and bow
Our heads with a commemorial woe,
In the beribboned coats of grim felicity,
What shall we say of the dirty sons
Whose legs and arms, guts, heads and teeth
Stretched out the justice of efficiency?
The gray lean spiders come; they come and go.
In a tangle of willow without light
The singular screech-owl's tight
Invisible lyric seeds the mind
With the furious murmur of their chivalry.

But we do contend that, for the most part, better poetry is written with greater clarity, and that too much elision seriously cripples good verse. So Mr. Tate remains simply, often, of mere *interest* to us, while we feel that his faculties are acute enough to make him much more than that. He is a crafty bowler of phrases, but he rather queers his own pitch.

Tate was graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1922 and has written much criticism. He has also of late attracted attention as a biographer. He with others founded *The Fugitive* in Tennessee in 1922. In that group was a lady, not a Southerner, Laura Riding Gottschalk, who now writes simply as Laura Riding. Before us is her "Love as Love, Death as Death," published at the Seizin Press, London, in 1928. This book is far more difficult for us to follow than Mr. Tate's. To us, in Miss Riding's own words in her poem, "The Tiger,"

We are in the time of never yet
Where bells peal backward,
Peal "forget, forget"

for we can forget her lines almost instantaneously as we ferret at the next ones. She is Alice through a looking-glass in which everything is reversed and Alice running through an intellectual wonderland. Every once in a while a phrase seems about to give us the key to that of which she is talking, but then a particular noun, adjective, adverb, or preposition pops up and erases any sense we have made. If Miss Riding's mind is really as subtle as all that, she and the Sphinx are the only two who really understand, and so we might just as well buy an evening paper and turn to Mutt and Jeff. Of Chinese tigers, for instance, she says, "Such animal is its own century." But she is in the forest, where, as she remarks:

The mischief and the monkeyman
Cannot come through.

These do come through, with a "ratwhine," to exacerbate Edith Sitwell, in "Gold Coast Customs," which has just been published by Houghton Mifflin. But Edith Sitwell lambastes them beautifully with her queer-rhymed, brightly-colored excoriation of modern society, while, by this time, the great goddess Gertrude Stein has almost completely swallowed Miss Riding. Miss Sitwell's verse is sensuous and pictorial, Miss Riding's exists in a climate without an atmosphere, in a sort of higher mathematics, where figures are words. So we have enjoyed "Gold Coast Customs" more than "Love is Love, Death is Death," though we must also confess to being somewhat cloyed by certain poems in the former volume. We like Miss Sitwell best when she sings of "The Bat."

Recommended:

COLLECTED POEMS 1914-1926. By ROBERT GRAVES. Doubleday, Doran. 1929.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PURE POETRY. Edited by GEORGE MOORE. Boni & Liveright. 1925.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED. By OSBERT SITWELL. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

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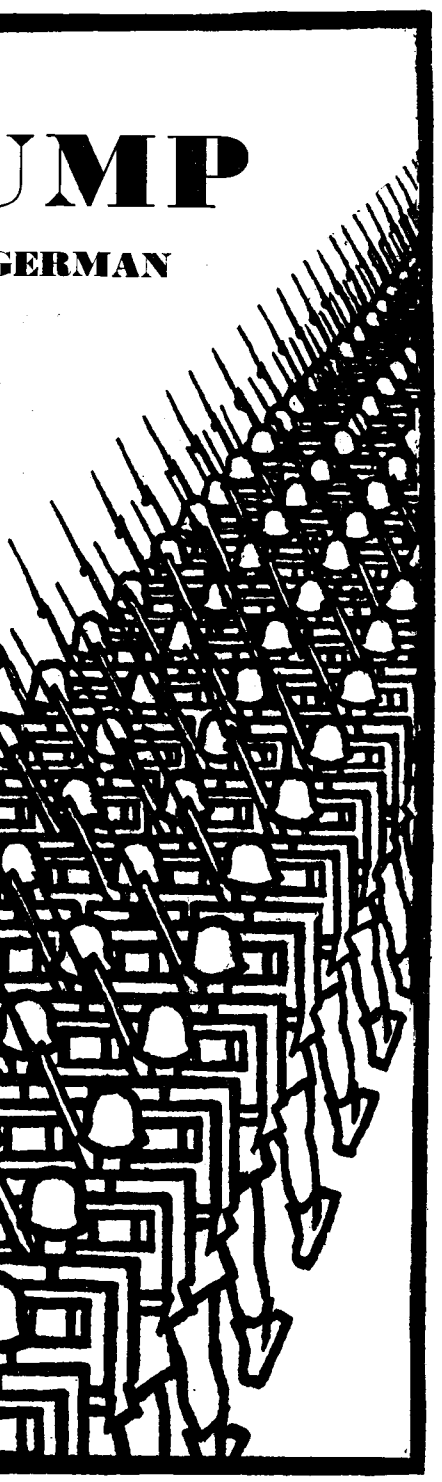

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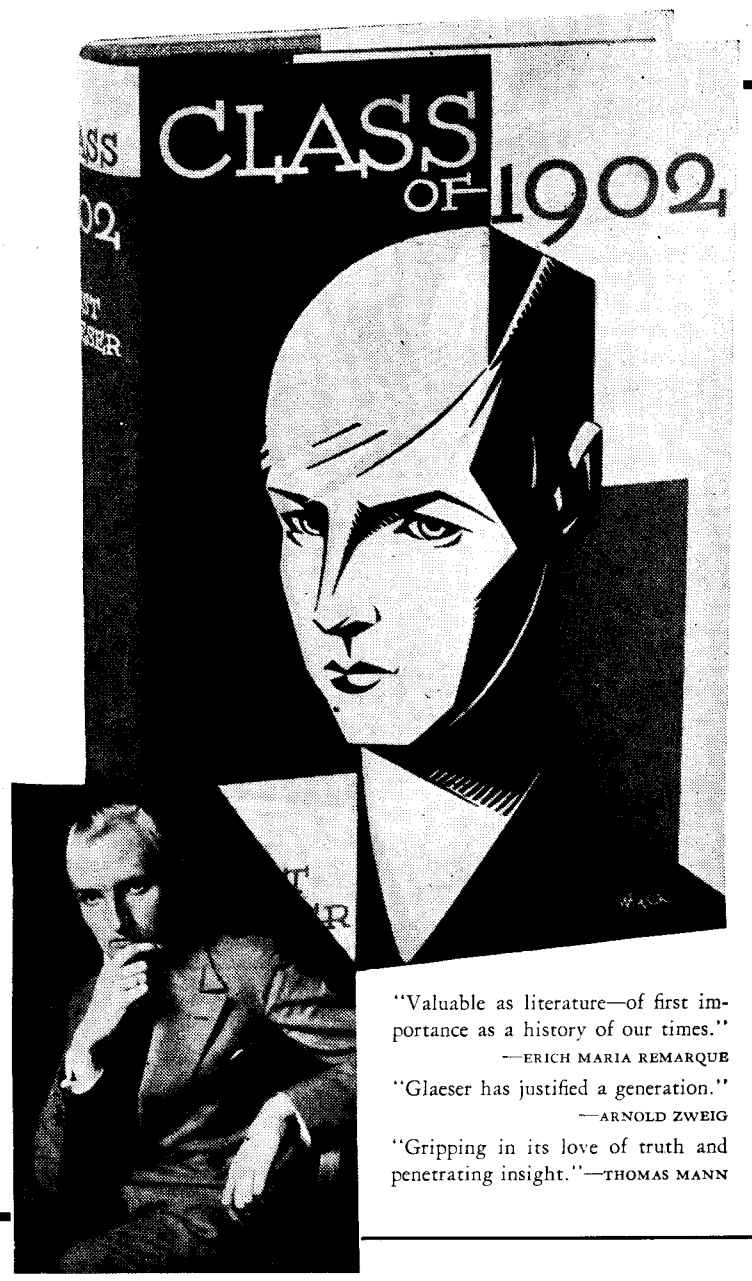

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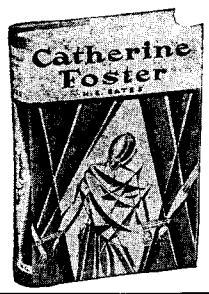

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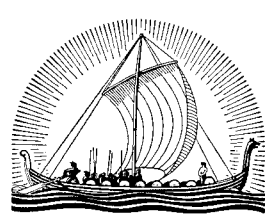

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Points of View

What Is the Fact?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In the August 15th number of the *Saturday Review*, two articles appealed very strongly to me, both on the front page, and each touching on topics which I have pondered much.

The editorial was upon that everlasting theme of the reading or unreading (?) of the American public. We hear it in every quarter that Americans do not buy books, hence the amount of reading must be NIL?

Some years ago there flourished (?) a new quarterly edited by Henry Holt, entitled *The Unpopular Review.* In it was an article that I have never forgotten, "Lies, Damn Lies, and Statistics," which demonstrated how easy it was to prove—anything with the help of figures. That article always rises before me when the proof of statistics is given to bolster up statements.

It may be that books are not bought *ad lib* and the damning fact of one book to an individual be true, but why not follow up the truth to its ultimate conclusion, and find out whether people do not buy books because they do not read, or because they have not the money, or because they find all they want in libraries, papers, and magazines, where are to be found almost all the books, serialized before they are put into book form, and few there be that are worth the second reading and the price of a book?

It is most unfair to have our own *literati* take up this cry of an unreading public, because we are nothing of the kind. Almost all books are serials in magazines and papers, and they are of such enormous proportions, that to follow them up even in a limited degree would leave very little time for living? If statistics are to be consulted, take those of libraries which stress the fact of serious reading by the patrons, and though culture is lacking, might that not be more due to the influx of immigrants who are—not so slowly, either—absorbing reading privileges?

Mr. Munson's article shows plainly what we older people learned long ago, that it really isn't best to take the rebellions of "flaming youth" too seriously. It sounds so important at the time, there never can be anything more important, but alas, age comes to all, and at thirty-three there are other "flaming youth" coming into view, and there is pause to our earnest convictions.

Did the older people know something after all? Something only age can teach? Youth may be much more vehement, but sober convictions are needed to keep this old world on its course; when we get back to the ancient idea, that youth does need discipline, restraint, and leading strings, we may be on the road to that "Culture" of which American writing stands so much in need.

ANNE B. STEWART.

Seattle, Wash.

John Galt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Writing from the region of his trans-Atlantic habitat it may be of interest for me to say that one hundred years ago John Galt was Commissioner for the Canada Company, a London colonization company whose lands, in main part, extended from Guelph, fifteen miles east of here, where Galt lived, with one break to a broad base on Lake Huron, some seventy odd miles. A small city in this country was named after Galt by his friend the Hon. William Dickson of Niagara, then proprietor of a tract of Grand River lands, now two townships.

In the Guelph Public Library they have a full set of Galt books, and books about him, some sixty numbers altogether; "Annals of the Parish," Blackwood, 1821, years before Galt came to Upper Canada. In Galt they also have a fair collection. I have a "Lawrie Todd," Bentley, London, 1832; also an older "Annals of the Parish" sticking around somewhere, can't just lay my hand on. The story of Judiville in "Lawrie Todd" compares to some extent with the early history of Guelph.

John Galt's son, Sir A. T. Galt, of Sherbrooke, Que. and Montreal, was later active in similar capacity, *i.e.* as land agent. Sir A. T. Galt was one of the first effective promoters and builders of railways in Canada.

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Bliss Carman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am engaged on the authorized life of Bliss Carman. If any of your readers possess original letters, or have any first-hand reminiscences of the poet, I shall be much obliged if they will communicate with me at 233 Glen Grove Avenue, West, Toronto 12, Ontario.

LORNE PIERCE.

Donn Byrne

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Thurston Macauley is now in London working on the manuscript of "Donn Byrne: Bard of Armagh," which we hope to publish late this Fall. He will be very much indebted to anyone who may send him letters, photographs, or other material pertaining to the late Donn Byrne. Copies will be sufficient, but, if the originals are sent, every care will be taken to preserve them and return them to the owners as quickly as possible. Mr. Macauley may be addressed at 80 Church Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, London, England.

JAMES MONAHAN

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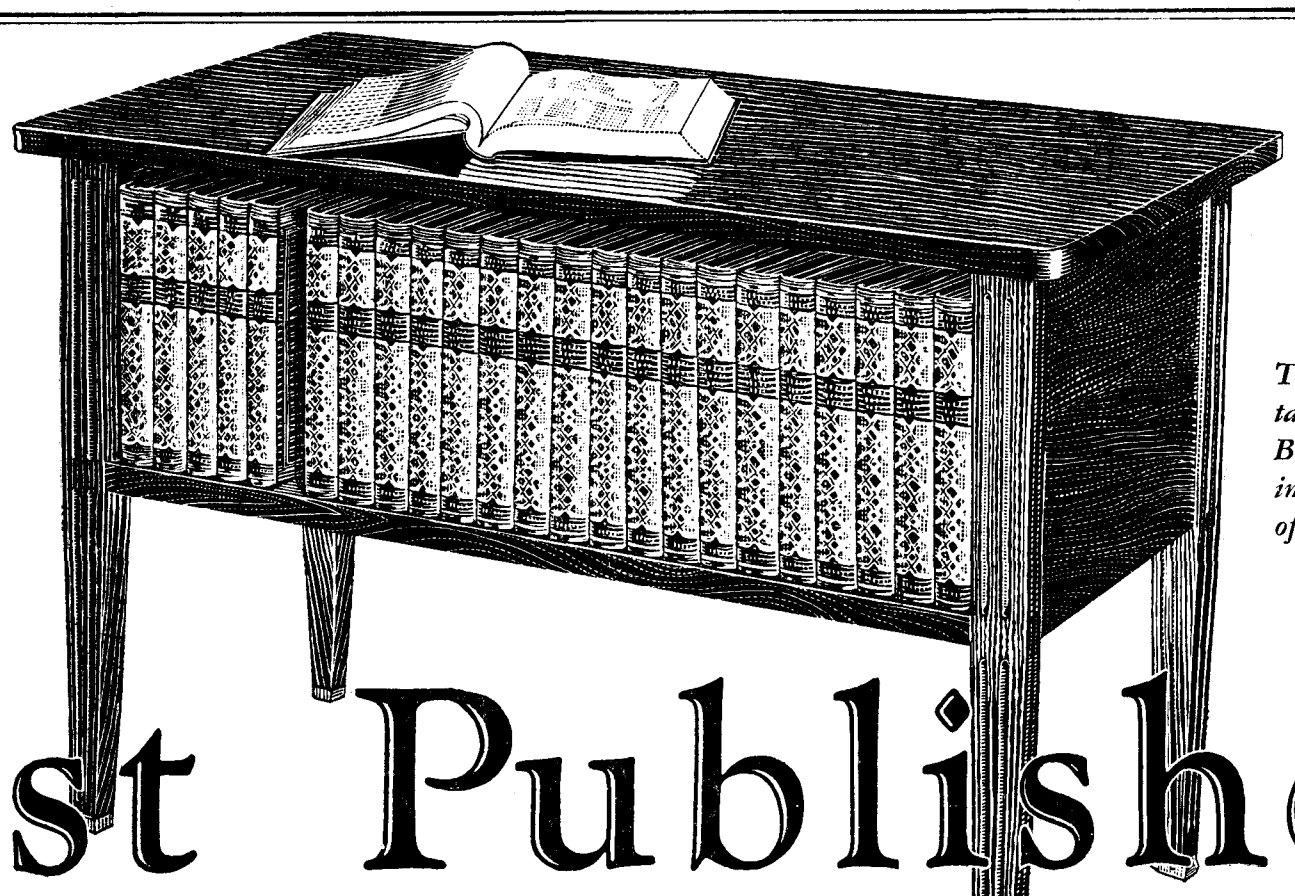

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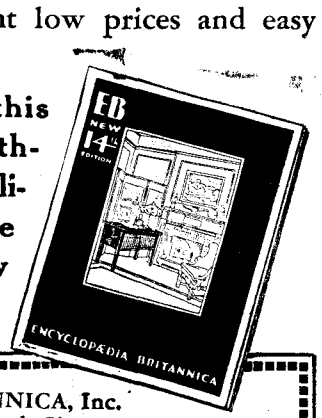

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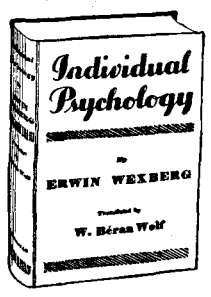

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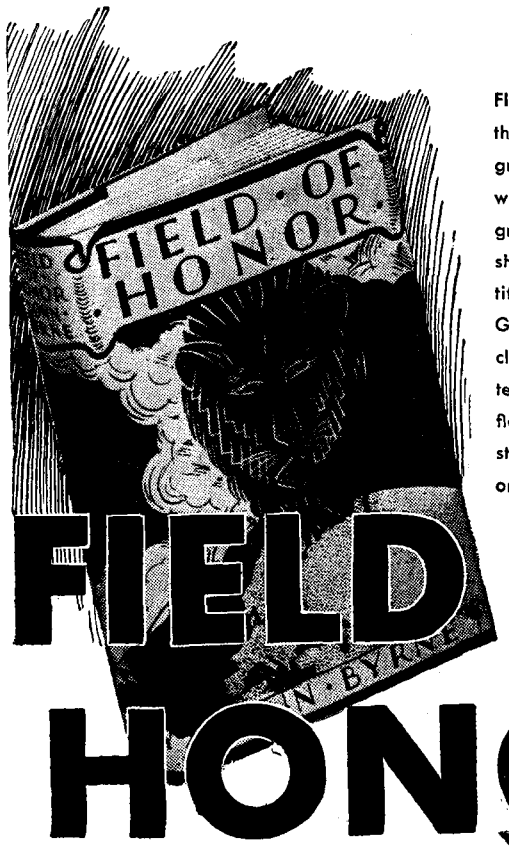

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 69. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "The Firstborn." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 14.)

Competition No. 70. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most appetizing Ballade of Good Food. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 28.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH COMPETITION

The prize for the most entertaining extract from the essay on Chinese Philosophy mentioned in "The Pickwick Papers" has been awarded to David Heathestone, who is requested to send his address to the Editor. (Mr. Potts, the author of the essay, explained that he had read the article on China and the article on Philosophy *in the Encyclopædia* and "combined his information.")

THE WINNING ENTRY

"WE have, then, the assurance of the erudite and travelled Pythagoras, than whom no mortal ever reached deeper among the fundamentals, little suspected and still less realized, into which our civilization delves her roots, while branch and blossom tower aloft above the realm of brute and savage—we have the word of Pythagoras that the Chinese Philosophy was profound.

"In contemplation of the sublime grandeur of the pinnacle whence we gaze afar o'er the panorama of all wisdom and knowledge, we cannot refrain from a momentary digression, being on the subject of philosophy, to shed a pitying tear on all who live today; that all who live in England; that all who pretend to wield that two-edged sword of power, the press, have not yet ceased groping in ignorance and darkness. Can any reader doubt that we have digressed with reference to a certain contemporary publication that wallows daily in a slough of stinking venom; that clings to the expiring spark of its worthless life solely that it may poison a few more minds and defame a few more spotless names before it dies the inglorious and ignominious death that it so richly merits, unmourned and unsung by poet or philosopher? It is no small portion of the laurel that will crown our own brow that we will modestly acquiesce in accepting full credit, which a grateful nation will arise to bestow—in accepting the whole credit for exterminating this last fester that tortures the philosophy and very civilization of England.

"We have intimated that Chinese Philosophy was profound, and have quoted authority for the statement, authority that cannot be refuted. We cast down the gauntlet in just indignation and in defiance to any or all who calumniate Pythagoras, or hold him dubitable. This being established, we are prepared to reveal further fruits of our researches. We have discovered the very name of him that founded Chinese philosophy. Buried and lost in the depths of untold centuries, we now bring it to light—Confucius. This ancient sage, having explored the uttermost recesses of the human mind, discovered that a child should reverence his parents, a conclusion in which we concur, and which, elucidated and expounded by us in the following pages, constitutes such a guide to thought and conduct that it must infallibly stand forever, a beacon to the erring and a foundation for the faith of those of sufficient intellectual capacity to comprehend it."

DAVID HEATHESTONE.

I should, of course, have written "Chinese *Metaphysics*" instead of "Chinese *Philosophy*" in setting this competition. Luckily the slip didn't matter, but it is strange that only two competitors seemed to notice it. These were M. H. Allan and John R. Russell, whose entries, incidentally, were among the best offered. The former failed to catch Mr. Potts's rhetorical pomposity; one recognizes his substance, but not the full tones of his voice in such a piece of nonsense as—

These articles will combine deep research, and erudition of no mean character. . . . Chinese is a proper adjective derived from the proper noun China, the name of the country of that appellation, and is applied to anything belonging particularly to that country. Chinese Metaphysics are, therefore, those found in, or prevailing within, China, and differ from, in fact bear no likeness to, those of any *other country*. . . . It is a matter of common knowledge that physics are medicines taken to ease pain of the body. Meta means beyond — therefore Metaphysics are *beyond physics*.

John R. Russell devoted himself more assiduously to the task of combining his information and approached the Potts editorial manner more nearly than Phoebe Scribble. But David Heathestone was the only competitor who remembered to introduce the inevitable King Charles's Head, moreover his phrasing and his virulence are all but perfect. I was surprised not to receive more entries for this contest; possibilities seemed to me boundless.

A very unfortunate misprint crept into the entry which won the Adjectiveless and Adverbless Competition a few weeks ago. Dalnar Devening, the prize-winner, writes as follows:

"I'm naturally elated that my sonnet won the prize for the best lyric without adverb or adjective, but I'm afraid some of the other competitors will come buzzing about your ears because of that typographical error of which the printer has been guilty. As you have, of course, noted, he has substituted in the sixth line, "*no* hue" for "*the* hue" as I had it in my MS. Of course, "no" is an adjective and would have ruled out my entry if it had been so submitted. I thought I would call your attention to this."

We insert here a contribution crowded out of last Wits' Weekly:

JULY NIGHTFALL

The July night hides under telephone poles
And cherry trees that glitter in the sun.
He has long arms, and at eventide he comes
Lifting himself on his elbows, breathing hard,
And crawls out on the grass, stretching himself,
Until he steals out right underneath our feet;
Then, reaching our ankles, holds them in both hands,
Fastening himself to us until we cannot see,
And when he is quite certain we are his,
Then he makes himself known, saying: "A-ah."

He is silent, and there is something insane
About his crooked fingers and something menacing
In his wild eyes, and in his sudden smile.
But he knows his strength too well, and few there are
Who can elude his weariness. . . .

HOWARD DONNELLY.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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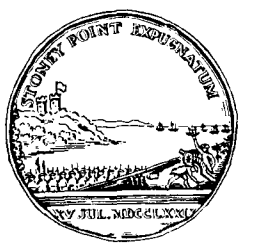

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Foreign Literature

Rousseau Dissected

LA PENSÉE DE JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Essai d'Interprétation Nouvelle. Par ALBERT SCHINZ. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. 1929.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT

PROFESSOR SCHINZ informs us in his Preface that his book is the result of long years of meditation. This in itself is a rare thing in these our bustling times. But the respect we conceive at the outset for such uncommon application increases tenfold as we read the five hundred and odd pages which make up this volume. For admirable are the minuteness, ingenuity, and care with which Rousseau's thought is dissected: we feel all the time that we are in the presence of a mind thoroughly trained for discussion, endowed with a sort of *flair* for discovering the weak points in an argument, and able to marshal the facts with a firmness of purpose which it is difficult to find at fault.

Professor Schinz's main purpose is to demonstrate that the real Rousseau is not the one that has been impressed upon the modern mind—that is to say the romantic glorifier of the state of nature, the believer in the innate goodness of man—but rather a "Roman Rousseau" who was essentially a rationalist in morals, in politics, and in theology, and whose constant intentions were pragmatical. This Roman Rousseau never ceased to gain strength and "in the name of reason more and more outweighed the romantic, sentimental Rousseau." So that, especially if we remember that none of the ideas he expressed are really original we must concede that Rousseau has been wrongly credited with a mental attitude which never was fundamentally his.

The reason of that misconception is that Rousseau never succeeded in expressing himself clearly. He had a way of using even such simple words as "virtue" with different meanings which is a source of endless confusion. He never even stated in plain terms that man is good in his natural state, though he was convinced that he had proved that point. He was always contradicting himself. "We find under his pen, constantly and simultaneously, theories which are essential and yet are opposed." Hence the "formation of those Rousseauisms without real foundation" which have been wrongly fathered upon Rousseau by superficial critics.

Thus Professor Schinz sets about tearing to pieces the logical warp of Rousseau's thought. And his exposition of the contradictions that are to be found in every work is certainly the most complete and the most convincing of those that have ever been undertaken. Other critics had already noted what they called Rousseau's incoherence. But it was always with some polemical intention. Here we have a scientific discussion, simply based upon an impressive array of facts which, on account of its thoroughness, should lead to a definite estimate of the value of Rousseau as a thinker.

Curiously enough Professor Schinz has failed to offer the natural inference that can be drawn from his own demonstration. He probably is too great an admirer of Rousseau, and like those who have fallen under the spell of the Swiss wizard he has found it necessary to justify those contradictions. "From the point of view of Rousseau's philosophical influence upon posterity," he writes in conclusion,

> there was in this a certain advantage; for such an important question as the problem of the simple romantic aspirations of man in relation to the conditions likely to realize those aspirations, gains in not being presented in too dogmatic and final a manner. . . . The thought thus remains open for posterity to deepen, clarify, and prolong. Every student of Rousseau can have the sensation that he becomes a collaborator in the work as glimpsed and in the solution also glimpsed and imagined.

This, indeed, as the author himself felt, is somewhat paradoxical. It is not possible to build inconsistencies into a coherent system. And what distinguishes a great thinker is precisely the fact that he knows how to express himself clearly and leaves nothing for his readers to do but to bow before the inevitability of his thoughts. In fact, an unprejudiced critic is bound to deduce from Professor Schinz's convincing study that Rousseau was no philosopher and that he made a mistake when, in spite of this native deficiency, he chose to dabble with philosophical subjects. Rousseau was essentially a poet. Imagination was his paramount faculty; to him sentiment was the light of consciousness. But these were of no avail when he had to unravel the puzzling skein of implicit thought. And yet, because he lived in an age of philosophical tendencies, that poet whose destiny it was to dream about life and the beauty of the natural world—a thing which he has admirably done in many pages—thought it incumbent upon himself to devise ambitious systems. One does not run counter to one's nature. Every time the would-be logician began painfully rearing his constructions the irrational dreamer and sentimentalist would heedlessly throw himself in the way offering suggestions which were generally accepted but with the result that they upset the whole structure.

That very absence in Rousseau of the truly philosophical mind explains his incredible success. It is an unpleasant thing to say; but it is a fact that true philosophers are never popular. If their thought is really profound and systematic it is too abstract and cold to be understood outside a limited circle of specialists. The pseudo-philosophers, on the contrary,—especially if they have the gift of beautiful expression—inevitably attract the masses, themselves congenitally incapable of seeing the defect of an argument, but alwys moved by fine words. And the appeal will be all the stronger if the thought is cloudy, for then the power of suggestion will be increased by the possibility for every one to read his own conceptions into the author. Thus it was that Rousseau exerted and still exerts a sort of fascination upon the general reading public. His fiery words, his flights of imagination, his passionate eloquence do service for arguments and proofs. The modern world is saturated with his ideas in politics, in education, and even in our conception of love. Whether this influence is good or bad is another question, and this question remains an open one even after Professor Schinz's momumental work. The solution of this problem depends entirely upon the trend of our own beliefs. But I should not be surprised if Rousseau's detractors found in this new study more reasons to confirm themselves in their hostility.

A Zweig Drama

JEREMIAH. By STEFAN ZWEIG. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. New York: The Viking Press. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

ACCORDING to the preface to the final German edition of "Jeremiah" published last year and the revised translation which has just appeared, the drama was written in 1915 and published two years later. It is called the first work voicing in symbolic form a warning to the world "drunk with war." It escaped the German and Austrian censorship as a book, and was staged in Zurich in 1917. The poet could not have chosen a better character for his mouthpiece than the Biblical prophet-martyr. He has made of him a figure bound to live in the literature of the world.

Stefan Zweig is a master in fathoming the souls of the suffering and picturing their spiritual anguish. The moonlit night on the roof of Jeremiah's home, Jerusalem slumbering peacefully below, with the chilly wind announcing the coming of dawn and sending a shiver down one's spine, is full of foreboding, of the question: What will the morning bring? Nothing like that dramatic soliloquy of the prophet, interrupted by the Voice, which he thinks is God's, has come from the generation of German writers to whom he belongs. As it culminates in his mother's curse, it is one of the most powerful climaxes imaginable on a stage and leaves one keyed up to the highest tension. The rhythmic sweep of the lines is admirably rendered by Eden and Cedar Paul. And this is but one of many noble passages in the play.

"Jeremiah," indeed, presents the most powerful picture of the end of Jerusalem and the exodus of the Jews in all literature. The underlying symbolism makes it significant not only for our generation, but for all time. Its message does not encroach upon the action. Its stagecraft is unassailable, as might have been expected from the author of the new "Volpone." With so many sterile inanities being presented on the American stage and managers being reported as ever in search of good plays, it is to be hoped that this work will some day see the footlights of an American theater like the Theater Guild.

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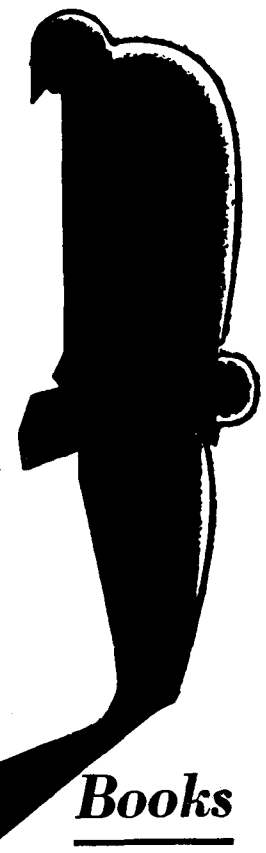

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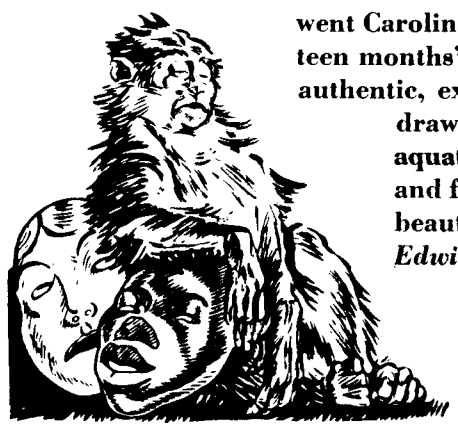

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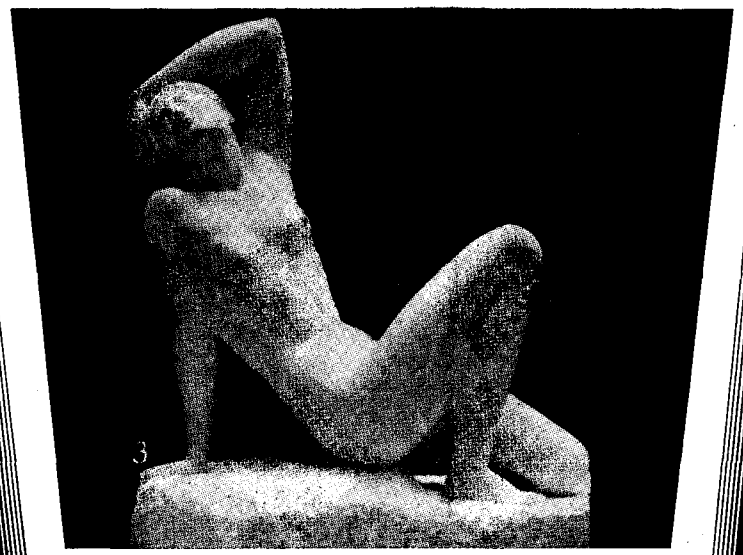

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

RABELAIS. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated and with an introduction by ERNEST BOYD. Holt. 1929. $5.

In 1909, as is well known through the account of M. Jean Jacques Brousson, Anatole France paid a somewhat fateful visit to Buenos Ayres. For the occasion he had prepared a series of lectures upon Rabelais, but the clergy of the pious southern city so inveighed against both the speaker and his subject that France was obliged to abandon the project midway. The lectures are now available in English as they were first planned. They consist of a running biography, skilfully welded with a fairly elaborate summary of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," containing extended quotations,—the whole constituting an attractive exposition of the essential Rabelais. The more notorious "Rabelaisianism" of his author is mimized by France, partially out of deference to his provincial auditors, and partially, no doubt, because it was little congenial to himself. Perhaps it is just as well that the only half-revealing mask of obscenity which serves to screen Rabelais from his own generation—and still in a measure screens him from ours—should thus be disregarded, and attention concentrated on his fundamental humanism. Today when a very different type of humanism is being preached on every hand, it is certainly well that the great French tradition which began with Rabelais and ended, for the time being, with France, should have this final clear and serene expression. Out of his grave Anatole France smiles at his recent detractors and once more reiterates his faith in the classic values of reason and humane living.

Fiction

THE INCONSISTENT VILLAINS. By N. A. TEMPLE-ELLIS. Dutton. 1929. $2.

Though the opening shot in this bizarre thriller is the murder of a young doctor in the southeast of England, that crime, if closely related to them, is of significance secondary to the larger problems upon which Abuthnot, investigator extraordinary, is soon engaged. An isolated, supposedly vacant, former munitions factory, operated during the war by Sir Baxter Creen, is now being used by him as a secret storage base for arms to be treasonably supplied to factions abroad conspiring against the empire. Creen's daughter has been abducted by his enemies, discovered by Abuthnot to be a society of venturesome young toffs pledged to their country's service, one of whose members had been the slain doctor. This maze of complex and bewildering motives is really but one adroitly constructed enigma, each part of which is fitted skilfully to the other. The story is a more than commonly interesting performance, and seems to have well earned the first prize of $2,500 recently awarded to the book in the Dutton-Methuen detective mystery contest.

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. OLIVER. By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS. Macaulay. 1929. $2.

This book has one of the best of all possible plots for a mystery story, that of a man who recovers his identity after years of living in another personality, and discovers that he does not know who he is supposed to be, and can only pick up gradually clues as to what he has done in the lost interim. That the present protagonist has become a celebrated nerve specialist and the leader of one of the wild-eyed cults that cluster about Los Angeles, that he believes himself to be wanted for murder, and that in the interval of his unconsciousness he has got himself mixed up in all sorts of nefarious doings which seem inspired by the adjacent Hollywood, all adds to the excitement. The execution of this tale is by no means as good as the original conception, as is so often the case with mystery stories, but it is a readable yarn and holds the interest nearly to the end.

THE FIVE FLAMBOYS. By FRANCIS BEEDING. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

International criminals, whose knavish tricks so arouse the ire of President Hoover, though his rascals are guilty of less heinous offenses than rum running, are the favorite theme of Mr. Francis Beeding. Unfortunately, he chooses a smaller number each time; after "The Seven Sleepers" and "The Six Proud Walkers" come "The Five Flamboys," a descending progression suggesting that after four more novels Mr. Beeding will have to stop. Which would be a pity, for he handles the common material of crime and mystery with a light humor that makes it extremely palatable.

The miscreants in this case, whose secret emblem is the torch which Elizabethans called a flamboy, are a rascally lot indeed. They kidnap the boy king of Rumania and all but assassinate the Prime Minister, they actually do kill a Scotch-Hebrew money lender (who never will be missed), and their endeavors to get hold of a Rumanian oil field and let in two Bolshevik army corps to work their will on that harassed country make plenty of trouble for the righteous persons of the story. These, reading from left to right, are our hero, John Baxter of the Secretariat of the League of Nations; Ann Winspeare, who earns his undying love by behavior that would have earned her a poke in the jaw if there were any logic in such matters; and the valorous and easily disguised Colonel Granby of the British Secret Service. Granby is a worthy person, but worthier still, until the last page or two, is the chief villain, one Wyndham, who describes himself as a Renaissance adventurer born five hundred years too late. Unfortunately Mr. Beeding ties his plot up so well that it can be brought to a satisfactory ending only by making the suave but wicked Wyndham suddenly melt into weakness under the warmth of a noble and unselfish love. The boys did not cave in so easily in the glorious fifteenth century.

PECADDILLOES. By FARADAY KEENE. John Day. 1929. $2.

In these nineteen short stories, Mr. Keene explores the richest field which can be offered to a social ironist—the life of the idle rich. In many ways, the most that can be learned of human nature is from the rich, i.e. from those who have been freed from routine and can do as they please. However, here we have little more than sparkling and witty tales, generally triangular in form, well suited for publication in *Vanity Fair*, and often unsubstantial. One only, the last, "The Screw"—a Poesque tale of a lynching in Tennessee—deals with the poor and unsophisticated. The others are designed to be read by the well dressed man.

This is not to say that they are contemptible or trivial. On the contrary, they are gay, witty, penetrating, and reveal an amazing knack of intimacy in their ability to convey character and situation. Some, like "The Second Impulse" and "The Latch Key," are melodramatic; some, like "The Shadow and the Crack," "Seven Letters from China," "Schubert," and "The Hand and the Pitch," are ironic comedy; some, "To be Burned at my Death," "Soul," and "No Reason" among them, are primarily character sketches. One or two—such as "The Screw," "The Candle of Shallows," and "The Map"—have real, if various, dramatic merits, and others, like "The Red Hat" and "Scotch Marriage," are simple comedies.

Mr. Keene can write much better than he allows himself to do for his market. He has a real insight into character, a fine sense of situation, and underlying philosophy. However, the people who read these stories will be seeking entertainment rather than instruction. Mr. Keene is frankly entertaining and what solid element intrudes in his work is the accident of his own talent rather than the result of any conscious design.

A HOUSE DIVIDED. By *Martin Heritage*. Macaulay. $2.

LOVE DE LUXE. By *Reginald Wright-Kauffman*. Macaulay. $2.

COUSIN HENRY. By *Anthony Trollope*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents net.

A MAN'S REACH. By *Thomas Alva Stubbins*. Meador. $2.

THE GREAT WEIRD STORIES. Edited by *Arthur Neale*. Duffield. $2.

THE LIGHT IN THE SKY. By *Herbert Clock* and *Eric Boetzel*. Coward-McCann. $2.

MERMAID AND CENTAUR. By *Rupert Hughes*. Harpers. $2.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Translated and edited by *Samuel Putnam*. Covici-Friede. Alexander King edition, $135. Jean de Bosschère edition, $50.

A KING OF SHADOWS. By *Margaret Yeo*. Macmillan. $2.

THE RED PRIOR'S LEGACY. By *Alfred H. Bill*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE TRAIL EATER. By *Barrett Willoughby*. Putnam. $2.

THE STORY OF HOSSAN. By *John Anthony*. $2.50.

JOAN KENNEDY. By *Henry Channon*. Dutton. $2.50.

(*Continued on page* 194)

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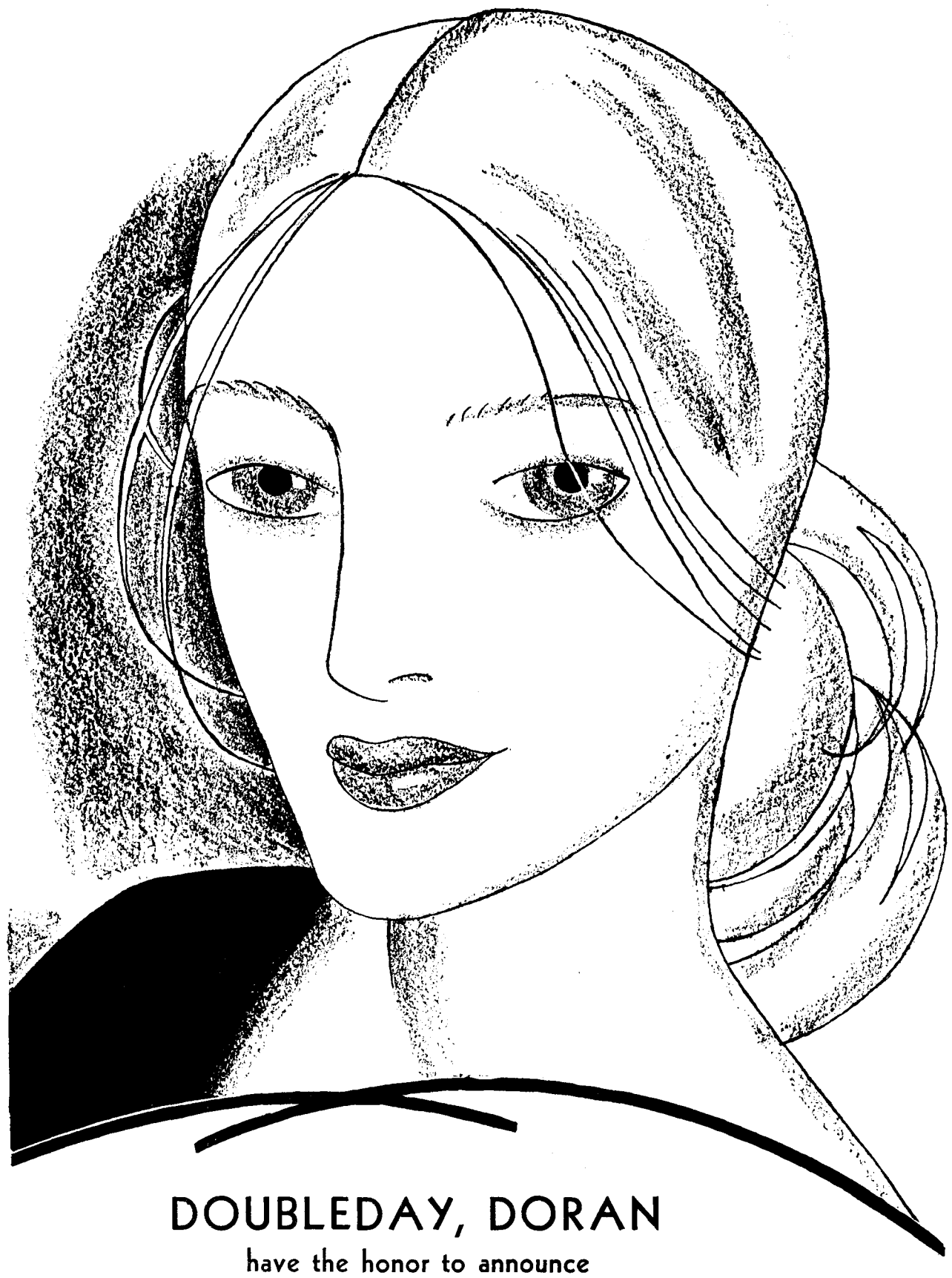

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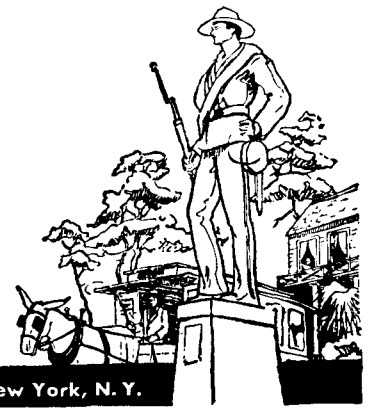

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

CITY STORIES. Told by the Lincoln School Children. Edited by FLORENCE MATHEWS and REBECCA COFFIN. Illustrated by HELENE CARTER. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Children-made books are more interesting to grown people than to children themselves. These stories, told by the children of Lincoln School as they go exploring in New York, will, in general, prove no exception to this rule.

Grown people are continually trying to enter—often forcibly, alas!—the child's world. The eagerness with which they seize upon any means of making the entrance easier is almost pathetic; entirely so when the key they are using is papier-maché, instead of the real, honest-to-goodness stuff that keys are made of. But, they won't be buncoed in these stories. Real children tell in their own language about exploring real places, where every-day things that men live by are made and found. Sometimes it is the individual child that writes; sometimes the story is the result of a group discussion. Unfailingly, the first method gives the more lively presentation.

"I am the harbor that waits at home." "I listen to all the sounds around me." These first little stories, by David and by Joan, are full of poetry. Child readers will like them. And there we have the secret of why children do not find interesting children-made books. They need something beyond their own experience to fire the imagination, the "little more" just beyond their grasp.

Jacket and end-paper are made by seven-year-olds. They are bright and attractive and the more enjoyable because children's drawings have not been used throughout the book.

Miscellaneous

MALICE DOMESTIC. By WILLIAM ROUGHEAD. Doubleday, Doran. (Crime Club.) 1929. $2.

This is the sixth book of essays on famous crimes to be written by this author, bu it is the first one that has come the way of the present reader. Its effect is to determine him to secure the other five without loss of time. Mr. Roughead has long been our favorite amongst the brilliant editors of the Notable British Trials series, but we find now that he is somewhat restrained by the decorum of that august assembly. He is much more fun when he cuts loose between his own covers. He positively frolics amidst his crimes. And yet, oddly enough, they lose nothing of grimness or horror by his jocosity, they gain by it. There is nothing that so quickly destroys a literary effect as too many adjectives of the right sort; Mr. Roughead is sparing of his adjectives. He has written a rather lengthy preface that one is grateful for, because it reveals the man. He says, in effect, that he is never likely to commit a murder himself, because he knows better than anybody how hard it is to get away with it. One pictures him as a big-hearted man, admirable husband and father and all that—but how he does rejoice in a meaty crime! And so do his readers.

The present book includes six fine ones, also a tribute to John Galt, a Scotch author, who is not well enough known. This last essay has nothing to do with crime, thus confounding the blurb writer who refers on the jacket to the "last of the Lairds and other villains of chilly cunning." This, to descend to the vernacular, is one of the hottest ones we have met by a blurb writer. The six stories of crimes are veritable little gems; absorbing studies of the vagaries of human conduct, conveyed through a medium of ripe wisdom and humor. Mr. Roughead calls the Balham Case the most famous of all mysteries and then proceeds to demonstrate that it was no mystery. But the Broughty Ferry mystery remains a mystery to this day. For what conceivable reason was the lonely old woman murdered? She was rich, but she was found, her seven diamond rings were still on her fingers, and nothing in the house had been touched.

THE DUK-DUKS. By *Elizabeth Anne Weber.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

MUSHROOMS OF FIELD AND WOOD. By *Margaret McKenny.* Day.

COMMUNITY RECREATION. By *James Claude Elson, M. D.* Century. $2.25.

THE SHOPPING BOOK. By *William H. Baldwin.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE ENGLISH KING. By *Michael MacDonagh.* Cape-Smith.

SCIENCE AND THOUGHT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY
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MEMOIRS OF USAMAH
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THIRTY OR UNDER

Full specifications for the essay in criticism by writers of Thirty and Under were published in last week's Saturday Review . . . A fresh point of view and a challenging argument . . . a representation of what the newest generation in American literature is thinking . . . a frank and honest statement of opinion . . . sound thinking . . . radical or conservative in mood, as you will and believe . . . about four thousand words . . . a complete set of Proust in English and $150.00 as honorarium.

For the particulars of this competition see page 171 *of The Saturday Review for September* 21, 1929, or *write to the Editor*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

T. O., Laramie, Wyoming, says that ever since I quoted George Russell ("Æ") as naming Pamela Travers among the foremost of the younger poets, he has been seeing fragments of Miss Travers's verse in various anthologies and reprints—most of it has appeared in The Irish Statesman—*"and it impresses me as quite the most interesting poetry being written in the English language." He asks if a collection in book-form is yet available, or where he may find a more adequate representation of her work.*

I WROTE to A.E. and he tells me that Pamela Travers has not as yet published her verses otherwise than in journals like *The Irish Statesman*—a review, I may add on my own account, that the student of present literature, to say nothing of politics, should by all means keep at hand. Mr. Russell has advised her not to publish until she has some thirty lyrics, all on the best level she can reach. By the end of this year it is expected that this tale will be complete, and there will be no difficulty about getting a publisher.

F. J. Grangabaita, St.-Jean-de-Luz, France, asks if it is possible to get Sedgwick's "Short History of Spain" (Little, Brown), which I lately recommended in these columns, in an English edition for immediate use; also, as this inquirer is living in Wellington's house and as "his ghost is everywhere," is there a book, not too cumbersome, about his campaign on the Peninsula.

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK'S "Spain: A Short History" (Little, Brown), is published in England by Harrap at ten and six. It is admirable for a traveller, and is no doubt making the journey with many American visitors to the Spanish expositions now in progress. For the other purpose; the "Journals of the Waterloo Campaign," published by Peter Davies at seven and six, will be satisfactory; these were selected and edited by Hon. John William Fortescue, whose excellent biography, "Wellington" (Dodd, Mead), is based on source material. W. H. Fitchett's popular biography, "The Great Duke," is published by Scribner, but is out of print in the United States. Neither of these have much to say about his career after Waterloo as statesman and popular hero; for this one must go to the recently published "The Sword of State," by Susan Buchan (Houghton Mifflin), the wife of John Buchan. This is a biography of the so-called "old school" in that it is not novelized in any way, but its solid facts are presented with light-running ease; Wellington's London, Wellington's England, lives as it does in the copious memoirs and letter-books of the times.

H. W. C., Terre Haute, Indiana, asks for volumes supplementary to Baedeker for a year in France, Italy, and the Mediterranean Islands.

"THE Wayfarer Series" Houghton Mifflin) includes several necessary to this list; "A Wayfarer in Alsace," by B. S. Townroe; "A Wayfarer on the Loire," by E. I. Robson; "A Wayfarer in Provence," by the same. There is also "The Lure of French Châteaux," by Frances Gostling (McBride), and the same author's "The Lure of Normandy" (McBride), and a similar book for the Riviera (McBride); Leslie Richardson's "Brittany and the Loire" (Dodd, Mead), a tour of southern France; "Cloudlands of France," by Amy Oakley (Century), a pleasant personal record of travel through Nice, the Maritime Alps, Piedmont, Dauphiné, and so on to Geneva; the immensely popular "So You're Going to France," by Clara Laughlin (Houghton Mifflin) and her corresponding volumes for Italy and for Paris. These are all worth reading with care; there is a guide to the conscientious taster in G. B. Stern's "Bouquet" (Knopf), a wine tour of France, and good advice on food and wine in Stephen Gwynn's "In Praise of France" (Houghton Mifflin) as well as information on Touraine, Burgundy, Normandy, and the Midi, while there is a new edition of "Dining in Paris," by Somerville Story (McBride), for the epicure or one who would like to be one. As for me, I would dine anywhere in France in preference to dining almost anywhere else, with or without a guide. The word "almost" is put in because a wave of nostalgia for Vienna suddenly wiped out the memory of French food. Viennese cooking—ah, *küss d' Hand!*

For Italy there is, of recent publication, "Through the Heel of Italy," by Katherine Hooker (Henkle); Herbert Vaughan's "Florence and Her Treasures" (Doubleday, Doran), a large and beautiful art-book; "Strenuous Italy," by H. Nelson Gay (Houghton Mifflin), a survey of recent economic problems with a review of sixty-six years' growth; "Early Florentine Architecture," by Edgar Anthony (Harvard University Press), which, though a work for architect or art collector, is also helpful to a tourist; and "Mapping the Eternal City," by Tucker and Malleson (Macmillan), a handbook to religious antiquities and a history for the use of pilgrims. Edward Hutton's "Cities of Italy" (Little, Brown) has twelve beautiful color plates and a number of half-tones and yet costs $3.50. "Franciscan Italy," by Harold Goad (Dutton), is especially for pilgrims, but good for anyone. "Finding the Worthwhile in Italy," by H. D. Eberlein (McBride), is one of a series of little books that save time and energy in planning, if the traveller is completely inexperienced. "All Around the Mediterranean," by Warren Miller (Appleton), is a small handy book, covering a great deal of territory; taking the Southern Atlantic route it visits the Atlantic islands, Lisbon, Algiers, the Spanish ports, the Riviera, Naples and Sicily, Athens, Constantinople, Beirut, Jerusalem and Alexandria; it gives the times taken for journeys and, as far as possible, prices. One comes upon a former resident of New Brunswick, New Jersey, in a tiny Arab village, asking the traveller to "take my brother back home."

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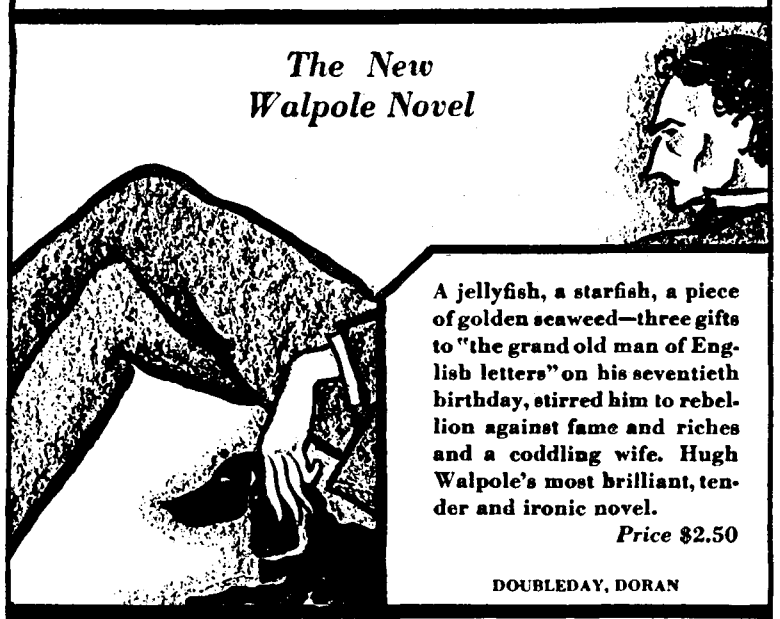

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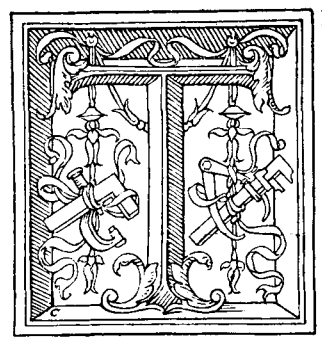
The Cleland Book



A Cleland Initial

HERE are surely less than half a dozen thoroughly competent designers in the graphic arts in America. Of these is Thomas Maitland Cleland, whose work has been given permanent collective form in "The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland: a record and review, with a biographical and critical introduction by Alfred E. Hamill and a portrait lithograph by Rockwell Kent." The book has been printed and issued by the Pynson Printers.

There is a general misconception of what constitutes the technique of design in the graphic arts. It may be well to make this clear before taking up Mr. Cleland's work, since his contribution to the graphic arts of our time has been chiefly in a specialized field. This field is that of *design for reproduction* in the shape of printing blocks. Now the ability to draw does not mean that the drawings will be good for reproduction: many drawings are solely fit for the portfolio, or, as in the case of architects' sketches, are merely working plans. Drawing for reproduction means the use of line and mass as the engraver uses it—either the wood engraver or the metal engraver. Engraving demands a clear, sharp, definite silhouette in every line or boundary, and that the half tones be rendered by variety of sharp lines and not by depth of wash. At its simplest, such technique is seen in the old wood cut of the early printed book. The complete degradation of design is seen in the half-tone block.

Mr. Cleland's work has by no means been exclusively in this rather narrow field, but the more distinctive part of it has been. Such work harmonizes with type, looks like it in effect. Three borders, designed for the Merrymount Press, and shown in this book, illustrate the point perfectly. They have the quality of letter-press printing. But even the water-color sketches, although they venture into the field of the half-tone, still possess the graphic quality—almost the typographic. This typographic quality of water-color work, resulting, I believe, from an apprenticeship with type and letter-press printing, is one of the most delectable qualities that I know. It is something quite distinct from the usual idea of painting, because in it drawing is more to the fore than mere arrangement of colors and masses. It is the happy and peculiar ability of only a few painters that I know, and gives a virility and purity to the work which is absent from the work of the cotton-wool school of painters and etchers. Mr. Cleland's work is happily free from the sentimentality which springs from technical and artistic ignorance.

I have referred to Mr. Cleland's apprenticeship to type. It seems to me that no other schooling could have given him the mastery of line which he shows. It is at its simplest in the decorative units which he has designed for typographic borders, such as those used with skill on the title-page. It is interesting to note in connection with his exuberant decorative work, that the very earliest printing which he did (little books treasured by all but their creator!) are elemental arrangements of one size of Caslon type—a solid foundation, as any aspiring typographer could well learn, upon which to build a later structure of intricate design and decoration.

It is sometimes easy to refer to such work as this in terms of mild approbrium, to call it "commercial art." Such a term is silly and begs the question. "Art" which is "non-commercial" is found in every painters' exhibition—pleasant excursions afield with palette and canvas yielding souvenirs of the day, suitable for studio walls, but usually having little *raison d'être*—and unsalable. All decorative art which is worth while has a commercial value, and is done in fulfilment of a definite reason. "Pure design," "painters' painting," these are shop terms, valuable to the artist alone, and comparable with the old "slide, one" exercise of the Spencerian copy-book or scale practice on the piano. Unless a piece of design is made for a purpose it is valueless. Mr. Cleland's drawings have been made for a purpose, and therein lies their value. That they have been done for menu covers, automobile advertising, paper specimen books, page ornaments, may stigmatize them as "commercial" to the ignorant, but if one uses the term thus loosely it is in order to speak of Sargent's portraits as "commercial." The word "commercial" used in this loose way has another derogatory meaning—that of ugliness and cheapness. And nothing could be lovelier than many of these designs.

Look at two aspects of Mr. Cleland's work exhibited in this volume. First the drawings made for text-books. In his illustrations for Wentworth and Smith's Mathematics, published by Ginn & Co., Mr. Cleland has accomplished a feat which I think has rarely been so successfully attacked. He has recognized the inherent fascination of geometrical propositions, and has illustrated them with charm and skill—and, which is the main point to be observed, the illustrations are true and graphic. Compare these drawings with the crude and ugly drawings in almost any mathematical textbook of the present, and you will agree, I think, that the seemingly impossible has been accomplished. The second instance is the picture done for the Strathmore Paper Co., in their early promotion of the idea that "paper is part of the picture." This elaborate drawing in color, with its multitude of figures and its variety of scenic display, created a great amount of interest when it appeared—and on its reappearance in this book excites as much enthusiasm as it did then. What makes it good is, it seems to me, the skilful composition and then the graphic quality of it—the entertaining figures and groups are all drawn with great detail. There is no slurring, no attempt to misuse color in order to hide laziness or inefficiency.

The portions which seem to me least acceptable in this résumé of Mr. Cleland's work are those in which he has most laboriously attempted to imitate metal engraving. It may be my distaste for such work, even on metal, but surely intaglio printing brings out a crispness and authority which is lacking in the cameo printing of such a technique.

Mr. Hamill has written a sensible and sympathetic account of Mr. Cleland's life, and in a day of florid "biography" that is something! Most biographical writing makes a fool of its subject, but that is not the case here. And it is well that it is not. This is the first book, so far as I know, which seeks to put into permanent form the life and work of one of our most skilful designers, a man whose work has been almost entirely "commercial." Yet it is work of a very high order indeed, more important, because more vital, than most of the work in the so-called "fine arts." There is much sheer beauty in it; I am not sure that any other designer has produced so much. To find a well-written and adequately illustrated monograph of a contemporary designer is gratifying.

The book is a large quarto, bound in black cloth. The printing of such a variety of subjects, over the five years which have covered the manufacture of the book, is a task calling for much good workmanship, and the volume has been well done. A very few designs and sketches for scenery have been reproduced by half-tone, but the great majority of the reproductions are done from line blocks. The presswork is fine, and the printing-plates have been most carefully made. Twelve hundred copies have been printed on admirable paper, well suited by its soft but smooth surface, to bring out details. Fifty-five copies contain a special print by Mr. Cleland, and these copies are signed by Mr. Cleland and Mr. Kent. The

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publishers seem to think that this is the most important book of the year in the field of the graphic arts, and I am inclined to agree with them. R.

THE single recent dealer's catalogue of any particular importance is the Birrell & Garnett number 24, "Eighteenth Century Books." The subject, it must be admitted, is fairly common: at least two booksellers within the last year have issued catalogues of unusual excellence about it, and the amount of general information possessed by collectors is comparatively large. It is necessary, therefore, because such standards of comparison exist, for any new work to bring out unusual volumes, or at the least to equal the past, in order to raise itself beyond the ordinary, conventional efforts. The present catalogue is respectable: the annotations have been done carefully and thoroughly without attempting to overstress any points, and the books listed, while they are not the most expensive or the most widely-known of the period, are interesting. The proposals by the Baskerville Press for printing by subscription the poetical works of John Milton in two volumes (1758), and for publishing the Ariosto (1770); several of the pamphlets dealing with the Douglas Cause (1764-1767); Walter Harte's own copy of his "Poems on Several Occasions," 1727; Thomas Holcroft's translations of "Tales of the Castle," 1785, and "Caroline of Litchfield," 1871, together with his own novel, "The Adventures of Hugh Trevor," 1794; several volumes by David Hume; William Mason's poems; Hannah More's "Florio," 1786; Bishop Percy's translation of "The Song of Solomon," 1764; a presentation copy of Sir Joshua Reynold's "Discourse delivered . . . December 10, 1790," 1791; "Mother Midnight's Comical Pocket-Book," second edition (1751-1752), which the cataloguer feels may be attributed to Christopher Smart; John Hall Stevenson's "Two Lyric Epistles," 1760, and his "Fables for Grown Gentlemen," 1762; the English translations of Swedenborg's "Treatise concerning Heaven and Hell," 1778, and his "Delights of Wisdom," 1794; a presentation copy of James Thomson's "Agamemnon," 1738; and several of the works of William Whitehead—these are perhaps the more unusual items.

G. M. T.

In connection with the publication by Random House of the twenty-third edition of the "Narrative of the Life of Mary Jemison," an exhibit has been arranged to show every one of the twenty-three editions of this book, with a few variations. This collection will be on display in the exhibition room of the Pynson Printers, seventh floor of the Times Annex, 229 West 43rd Street, New York.

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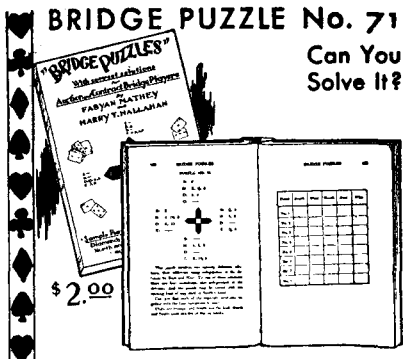

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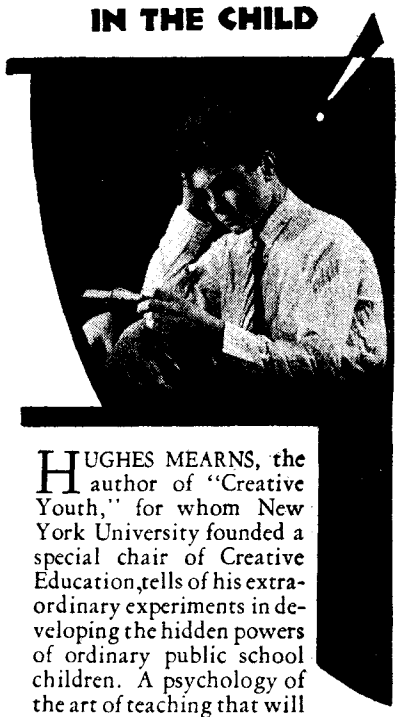

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NEW York is a strange place to live in, particularly when one is a writer. . . . And, by the way, we wish to acknowledge with humility and humble gratitude the remark of *Isabel Paterson* in the *New York Herald Tribune Books*, recently, anent her indebtedness to our three dots. . . . Does Isabel realize that we are now using at least *four dots*? . . . . Of late, in the Greenwich Village—no, we beg their pardon,—the Washington Square Bookshop,—we ran into *Will Cuppy*. It was the same ten minutes during which we espied *Pierre Loving*. And Pierre told us a story about a go with the boxing-gloves between *Ernest Hemingway* and the Canadian writer, *Morley Callaghan*. But Cuppy showed us the dedication of his new book to Isabel Paterson. It happens to be one of those dedications that you wish you had written yourself. . . . Will has done a remarkably amusing book of his adventures as a hermit. . . . He is the only real live hermit we have ever known. . . . Well, if all hermits had been like that, the history of the world would, we opine, be a lot different. . . . Imagine Will, for instance, in the Middle Ages! . . . Yes, we know that *Books, The New York Herald Tribune*, is a sort of rival of ours; but far from engendering heart-burnings, the trouble, to our mind, about New York is that you get to know your competitors so well and to like them so well that you are awfully apt to give them free advertising! . . . For instance, there are no two people in New York we would rather spend an evening with than Isabel Paterson and Will Cuppy, particularly if they were arguing about their favorite controversial subject, spinach. . . . We simply, and probably quite sensibly, can't help feeling that everybody who writes about books regularly in this great city is a darn sight better than we are. . . . We have our moments of Narcissism of course! . . . But what are such moments beside conversing with people you really cotton to? . . . Speaking of that, we could tell you of the greatest bartender in New York. . . . Only then we would get a lot of letters. . . . We have never seen the man at a loss for an apt rejoinder to anyone of his customers. . . . And when a pretty girl is on the opposite side of the bar, he surpasses himself. . . . Which has given us an idea about bartenders. . . . The bartender has a social service to perform. It isn't merely that you wish to be able to tell him what you want and call him Charley. . . . He should really be an accomplished entertainer. . . . To return to our particular friend, we have lingered at his dispensary and involved ourselves in a far greater indebtedness than we should have, simply and solely because we could not have had a better entertainment at a vaudeville show. . . . The man has sleight-of-hand tricks, he can pretend to speak several languages with fascinating results, he has a quick-line comeback for any witticism. . . . He is a capital mimic, a serio-comic artist of considerable calibre. . . . We have even known him to draw caricatures of certain habitués,—and very good likenesses they are. . . . We should like to take up bartending. . . . To attain the accomplishments of our friend would be a difficult task. . . . Truly, considering it in perfectly cold sobriety, it would take quite a time. . . . For people come in and demand all sorts of concoctions. . . . Even to a practising poet this would present difficulties. . . . Off hand, suppose that we were at the mercy of folk who wished "One Villanelle, Straight," or "One Pantoum, with a Chaser." Suppose we had to throw the thing together in the space of time it takes Charley to produce a Whiskey Sour or an Absinthe Frappé. We would be sure to bungle badly. . . . And yet verse is quite as much our trade as beverages are his. . . . We should be expert. . . . Of course, Charley has the advantage of us with the fair sex. He is in a strategic position. He is really not supposed to bandy badinage with his customers. But they *are* customers, and his furnishing amusement for them is an asset to the house. . . . At the same time, he can always retreat into entire silence with expected decorum. . . . We are more at the mercy of casual acquaintances. We are on their own level. We have not the bar between us. . . . Therefore, we should really be a bartender rather than a journalist. . . . They would know just where we stood, and if we didn't happen to like them we could slip them a shot of hemlock. . . . Not that Charley does! He is the soul of geniality. He would make a good guard upon an All-American eleven, and yet usually, when danger threatens, it is he who distracts the attention of the participants with a light jest or an inspired bit of clowning. . . . One could exercise many worse functions in the world than that of seeing that people keep good-natured. . . . We shall incur the wrath, we know, of certain of our patrons by stating that there is much to be learned about life with one foot upon the brass rail. . . . There aren't supposed to be any brass rails any more. . . . The fact remains that there are, and that humanity in a mood of relaxation evinces proclivities that add to one's education. . . . But in all our life, and long before Prohibition, we have never happened to see a bartender who was not in full command of the situation. . . . And our experience has, fortunately, been that of seeing human beings simply silly at their worst, usually far more warm-hearted and generous than you would suspect them of being when entirely sober. . . . What has this to do with literature? . . . Well, when you look at it with sane disillusionment, the creative artistic impulse is no more than an intoxication, perhaps an auto-intoxication. . . . In certain instances it results in the writer venting his spleen, in other words, writing evokes in him a "fighting jag." But in most cases, we truly believe, the writer rises above his ordinary, day-by-day, meanness and pettiness. The intoxication of the practice of an art pulls him up by his bootstraps. He becomes a larger, more liberal, more quickly intuitive individual than he seems in humdrum affairs. . . .

We know we shouldn't have brought up this comparison. . . . But we are writing honestly. . . . One has no better chance to observe humanity with the various disguises sloughed off than in bars. Occasionally one gets an awful jolt. And quite often, in modern realistic novels, one gets an awful jolt also, though the accuracy of delineation of some particular character convinces. . . . What is one going to do about it? . . . It is all rather cleansing. One's own superstitions and hypocrisies are revealed for what they are. One's lugubrious unity with the rest of common humanity is disconcertingly displayed. . . . Disconcertingly? Yes. But the experience should be a constructive experience. . . . One has encountered a concrete instance of that into which one's own idle day-dreams might crystallize. . . . And the most interesting literature has always consisted of the stories of sinners. . . . If we wish to observe the weak comporting themselves as they have since the dawn of history, is it any worse an impulse than that avidity with which we read of their actions in a novel? . . . The disheartening part of the whole business is that neither in novels (that hew to the line of fact) nor in real life, is there great and romantic sin. . . . Unless one is an intimate of gunmen, and suchlike, which we are not, one does not encounter even the actual hard-boiled criminal. . . . What one sees are pathetically middle-class people trying on certain evenings to forget that they are entirely middle-class. . . . If they become intoxicated, and the observer is sober, one can observe all too well the progress of their delusions of grandeur. . . . It is a release. . . . And it starts one thinking, in a great dynamic city like New York, of the terrific pressure the very vibrance and strenuousness of such a city exerts upon the person of moderate income. . . . Their nerves cry out, finally. . . . They have no recourse to the—well, yes, the sensuous as well as the idealistic pleasures inherent in the arts. . . . They can only seek Nirvana in a particularly perfect dinner (to their way of thinking) enhanced by much wine and hard liquor. . . . Then they begin to feel the shackles drop from them. . . . Then they expand, they relax, they become human. . . . We are not writing a sermon against Prohibition. . . . But in all conscience, human beings being what they are, why proscribe an obvious diminution of their nerve-tension induced by our present commercial and industrial civilization, when a reasonable latitudinarianism would ease the whole situation.

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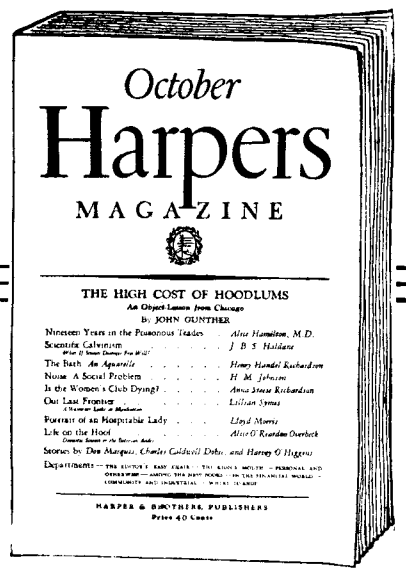

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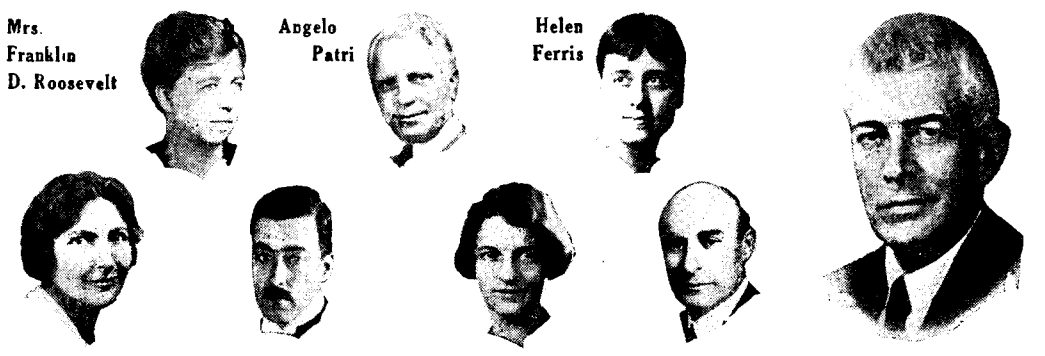

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